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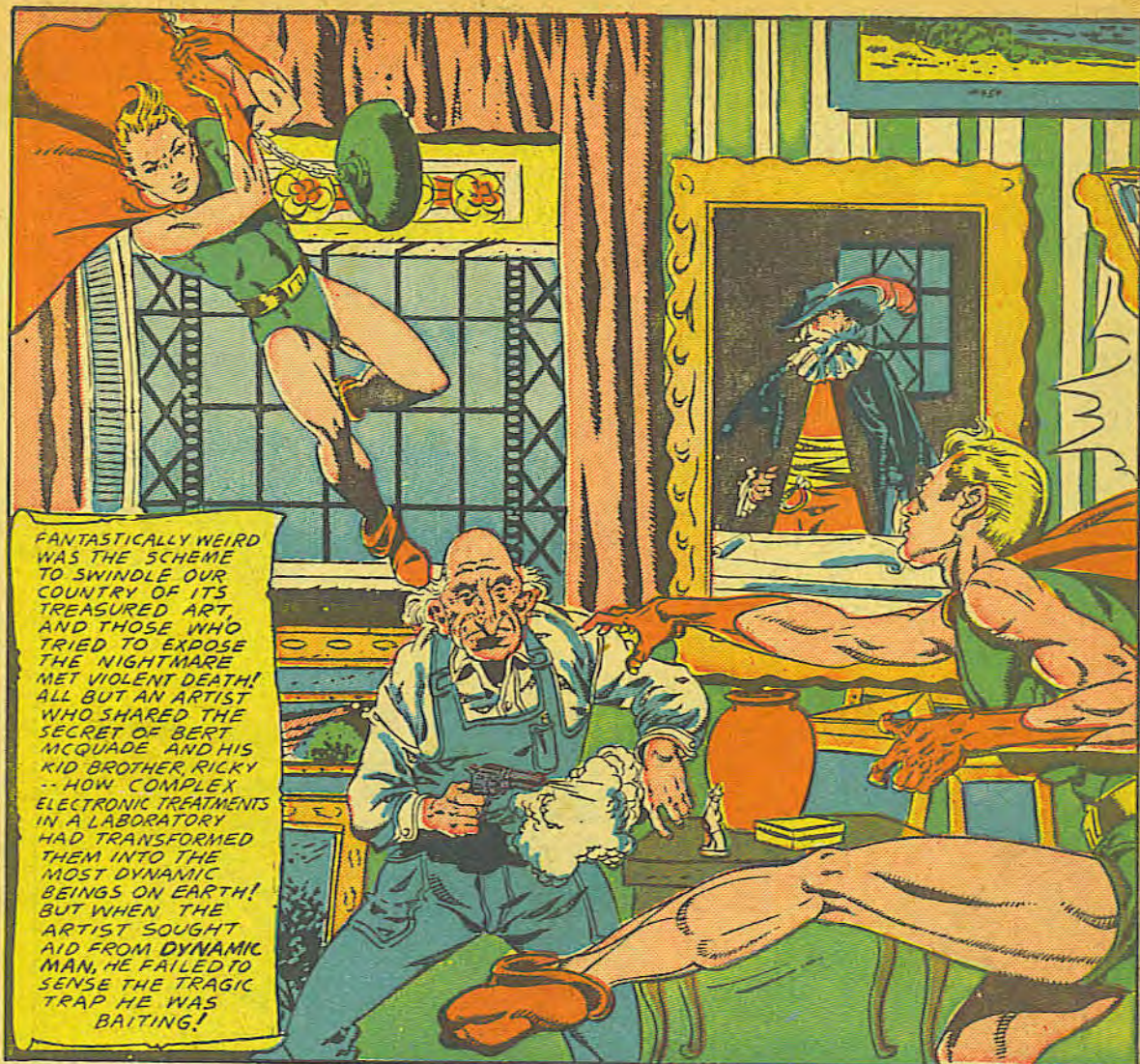
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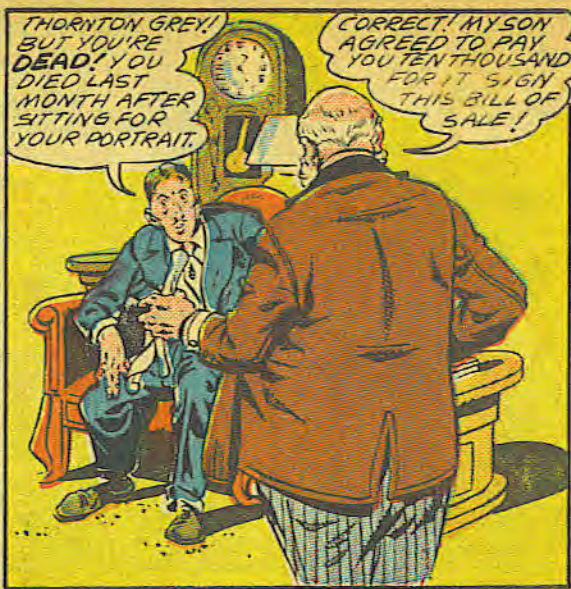
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A FAMED PORTRAIT PAINTER TRIES TO RELAX IN HIS LOWER FALLS STUDIO..

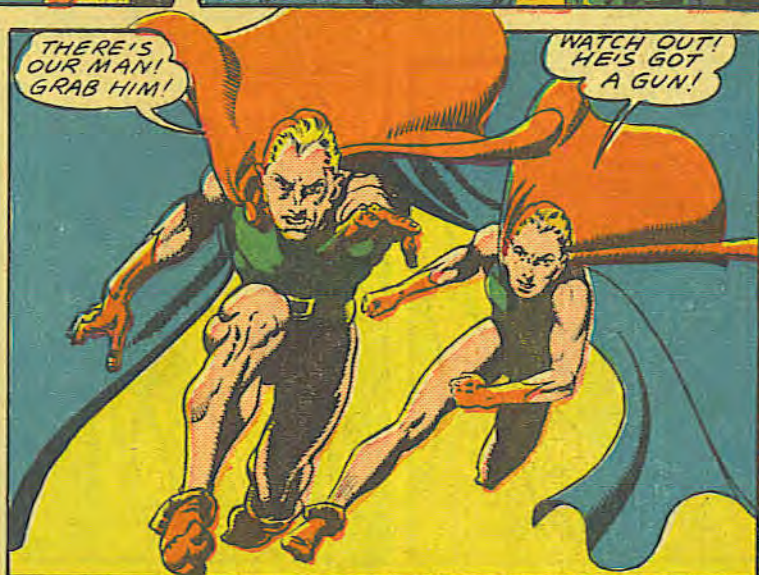


DYNAMIC MAN











DYNAMIC MAN-
BAH! YOU'RE
A PHONEY!

YOU'LL SEE
IN A SECOND,
PAXTON!



OOOH!

BULLET
STRUCK HIM-
OR HE
BUMPED HIS
HEAD.

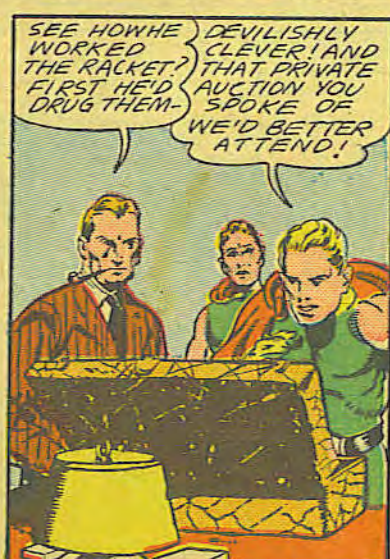


LOST MY GUN, AND
THAT KID'S TOO TOUGH
TO TANGLE WITH.
CAN'T AFFORD TO
MISS THE AUCTION
TOMORROW!



WOW! GOT A
TERRIFIC
CRACK ON
MY CRANIUM
ON THE
WAY OUT!

HOP INSIDE,
QUICK! WE
OPENED
PAXTON'S
SUITCASE.



SEE HOW HE
WORKED
THE RACKET?
FIRST HE'D
DRUG THEM-

DEVILISHLY
CLEVER! AND
THAT PRIVATE
AUCTION YOU
SPOKE OF
WE'D BETTER
ATTEND!

NEXT DAY IN A NEW YORK
AUCTION GALLERY...

WHO'LL MAKE IT
SEVENTY-FIVE-
HUNDRED?



STORAGE



RANDALL
HAD TO
SELL "WINTER
WHEAT" FOR
FIFTY
DOLLARS!

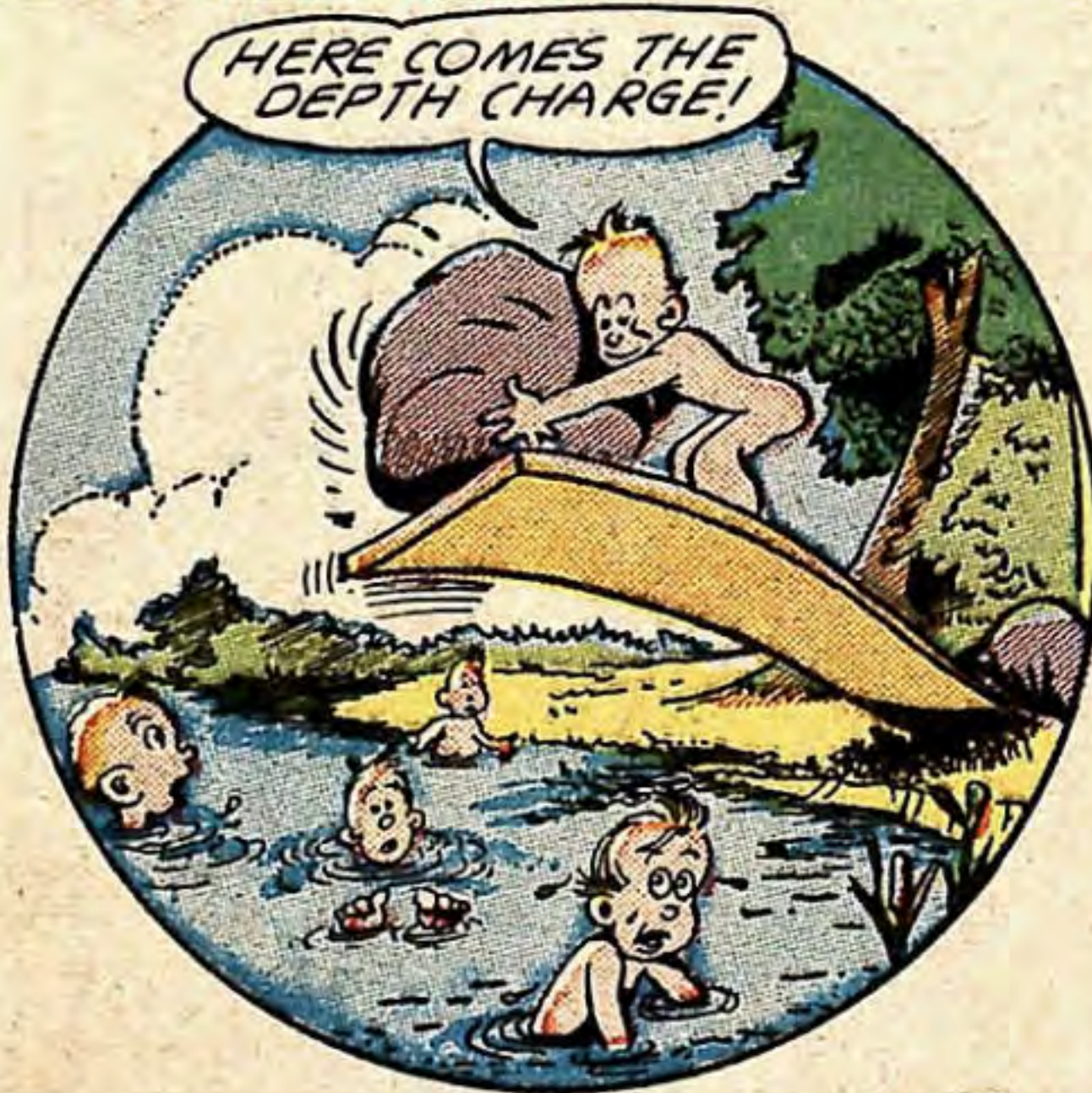
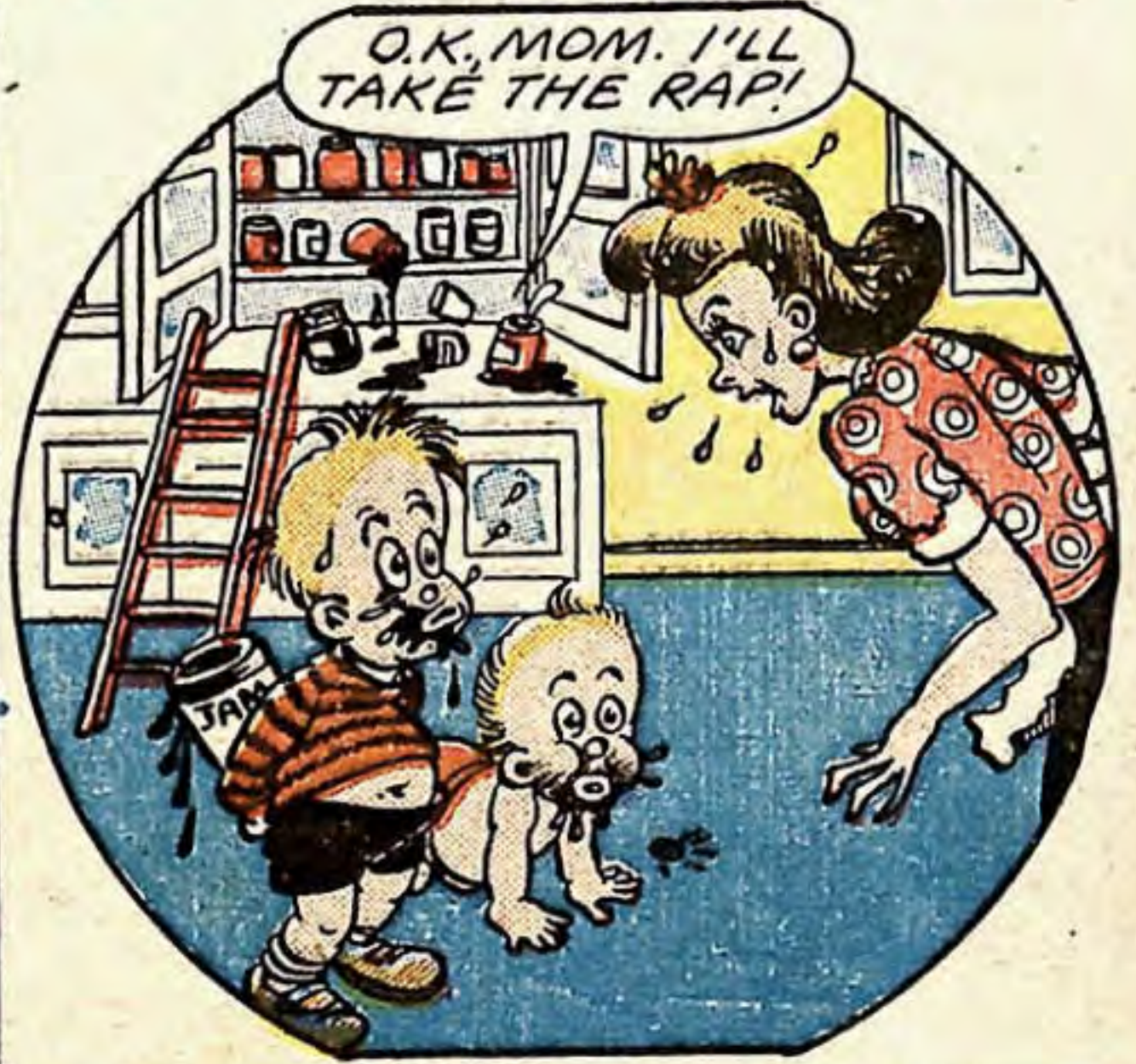
MASTERPIECES
OF AMERICAN
ART FALLING
INTO THE
HANDS OF
GREEDY
SPECULATORS-
AND WE CAN'T
STOP IT!



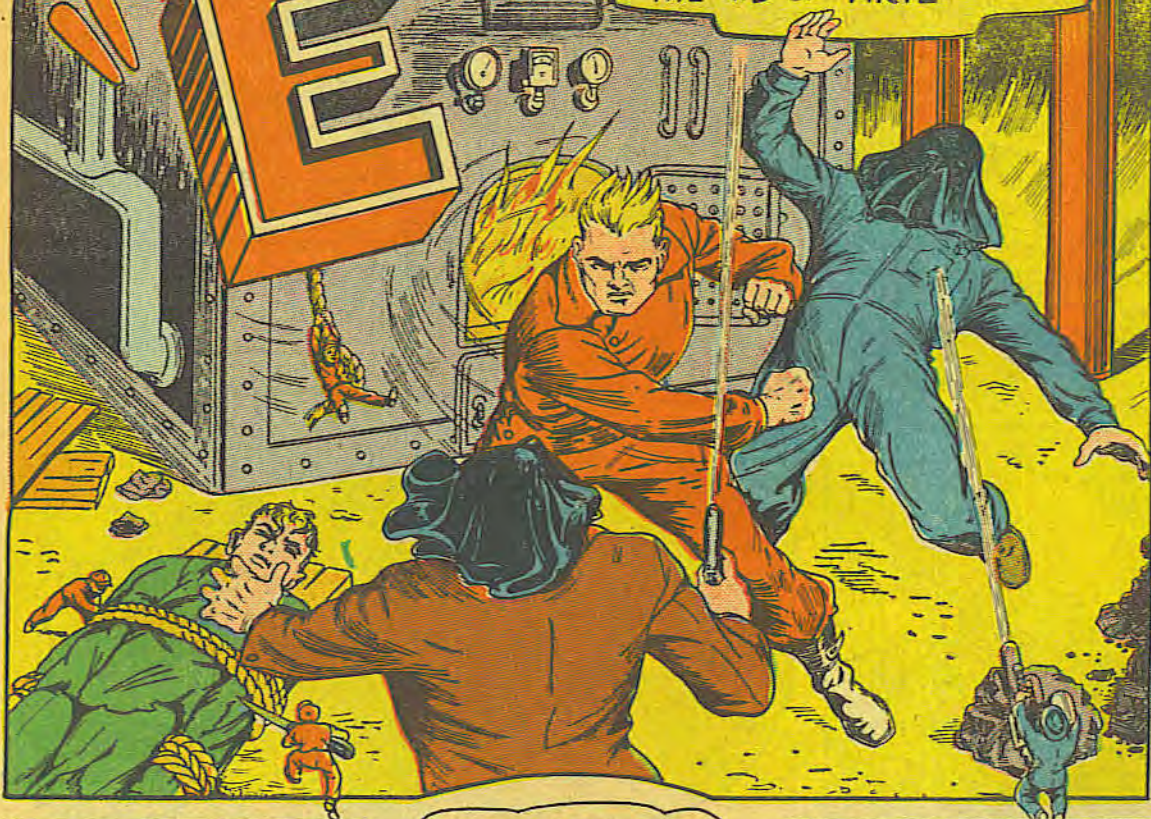
WHY NOT? FOLLOW
ME TO THE
STORAGE
ROOM!



LAUGHING AT LIFE



THE GRIM SHADOW OF STARVATION AND POVERTY WAS CAST OVER THE FRIGHTENED, SWEAT-STREAKED FACES OF A MILLION SOULS. NO LAW COULD PROTECT THEM AGAINST AN UNJUST FATE, BUT WHEN THEIR PROBLEM WAS COMPLICATED BY MURDER THE ACCUSED MAN SOUGHT THE AID OF MR. "E"



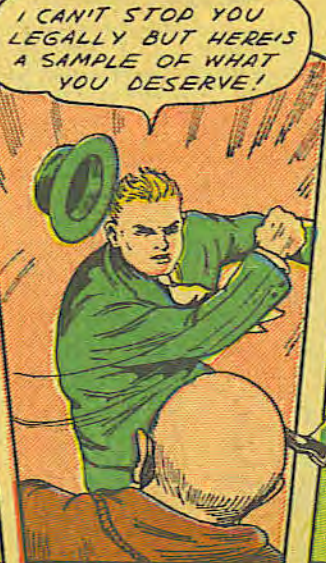
GET OUT,
PROCTOR!

OKAY, JERVIS,
BUT REMEMBER!
YOUR PLAN
THREATENS THE
LIVES OF
MILLIONS!

I CAN'T STOP YOU
LEGALLY BUT HERE IS
A SAMPLE OF WHAT
YOU DESERVE!

YOU'LL BE THE
MOST HATED
MAN IN THE
WORLD!

I'LL HAVE
YOU THROWN
IN JAIL,
PROCTOR!



JARVIS WILL PROBABLY COMPLAIN TO THE POLICE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER.



PROCTOR JUST LEFT. WE WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, MAC.



WHAT A SAP HE IS, EH, RUSTY? A NIFTY FRAMEUP!

IT WON'T TAKE ME AN HOUR TO DRIVE TO WASHINGTON AND FILE THE PATENTS ON MY PLAN. THEN A FORTUNE WILL BE WITHIN MY GRASP!



I'LL MAKE JARVIS CRASH OFF THE BRIDGE, RUSTY. YOU FINISH THE JOB.

YEAH, MAC. I'LL DROWN HIM AND GRAB HIS BRIEFCASE.



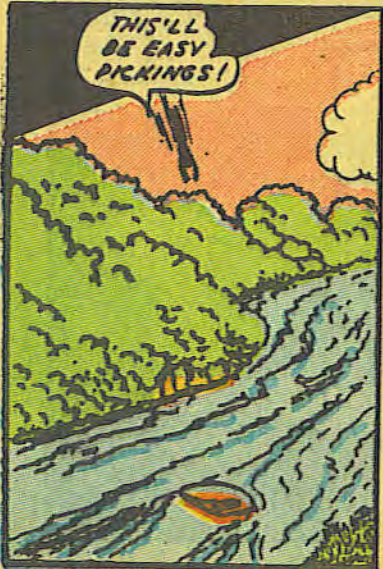
THAT FIXES THE OLD DUCK. MAKE IT SHAPPY, RUSTY.



PICK UP MY JACKET, MAC. HERE I GO!

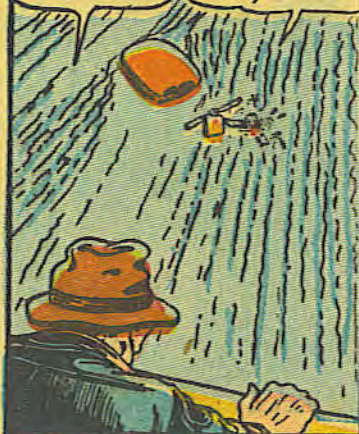


THIS'LL BE EASY PICKINGS!



YOU GOT EVERYTHING, RUSTY? IS JARVIS DROWNED?

I GOT THE WORKS AND HE'S DEAD. TOSS THE ROPE, QUICK!



I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT. THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP ME IS MR. "E."



A DAY LATER RUSS PROCTOR IS A HUNTED MAN...



I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT MR. "E'S" ADVENTURES, BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHO HE IS.



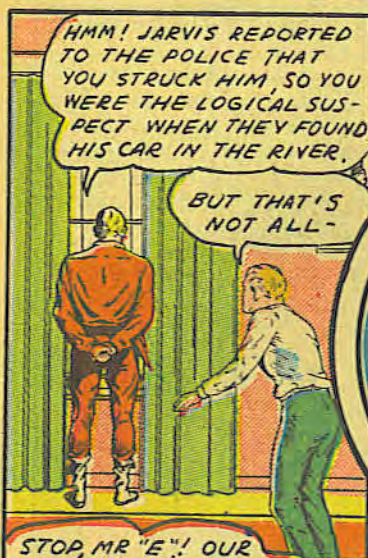
I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. THE MYSTERY IS WHO IS MR "E"? AM I RIGHT?

WHY, UH, YES! SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE CALLED MR. "E"!



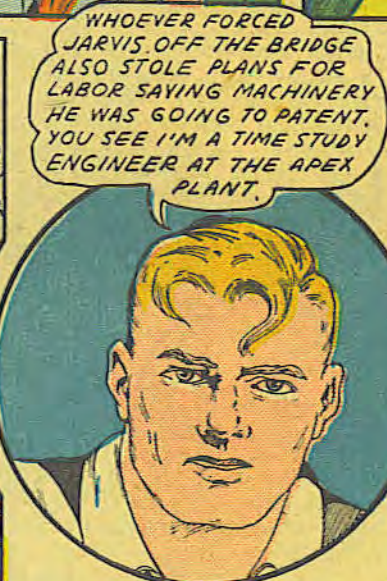
MY NAME IS RUSS PROCTOR. DOC WEIR TOLD ME ABOUT YOU, THE POLICE WANT ME FOR MURDER!

BUT I CAN TELL BY YOUR LOOKS THAT YOU'RE NOT GUILTY. A FRAME-UP, EH? GIVE ME THE DETAILS.



HMM! JARVIS REPORTED TO THE POLICE THAT YOU STRUCK HIM, SO YOU WERE THE LOGICAL SUSPECT WHEN THEY FOUND HIS CAR IN THE RIVER.

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL-

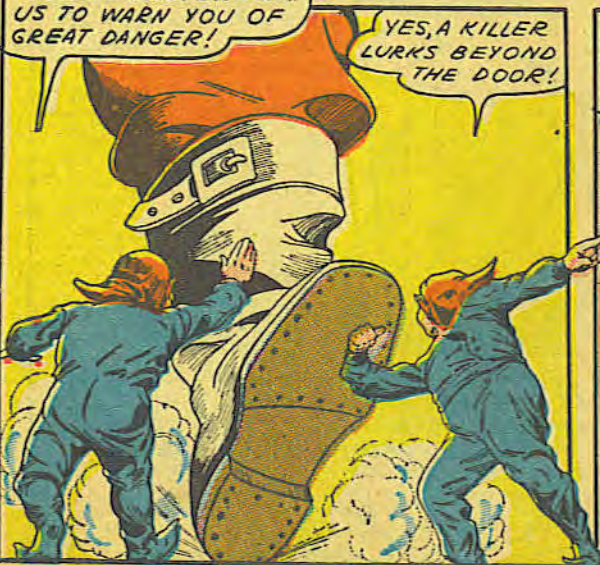


WHOEVER FORCED JARVIS OFF THE BRIDGE ALSO STOLE PLANS FOR LABOR SAVING MACHINERY HE WAS GOING TO PATENT. YOU SEE I'M A TIME STUDY ENGINEER AT THE APEX PLANT.



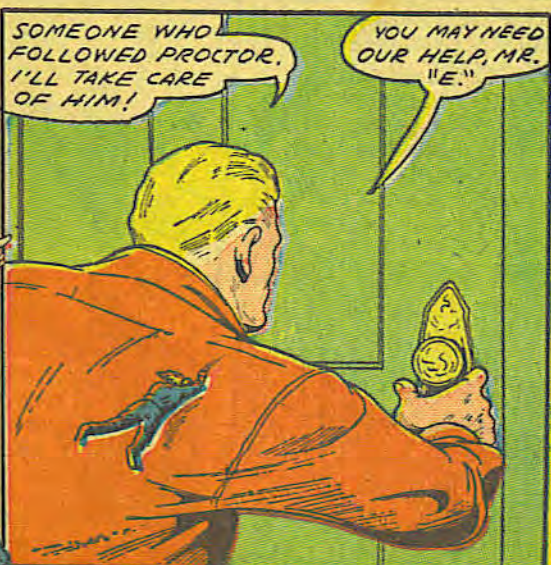
THE POLICE! THEY FOLLOWED ME HERE. WHERE CAN I HIDE?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, PROCTOR. I'LL HANDLE THEM!



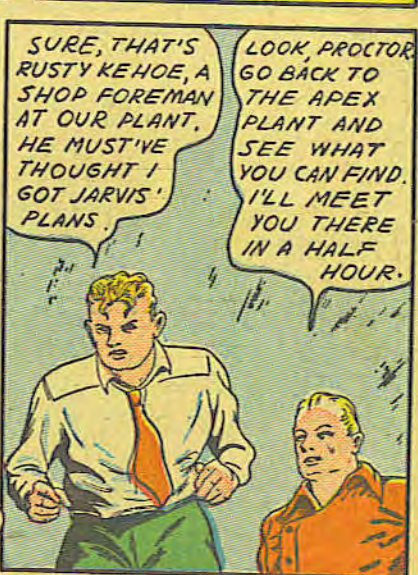
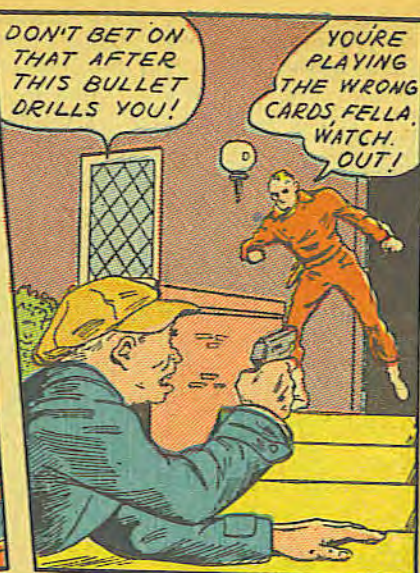
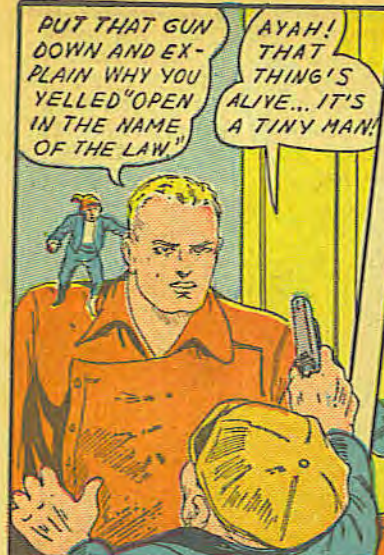
STOP, MR "E"! OUR ANCIENT MASTER SENT US TO WARN YOU OF GREAT DANGER!

YES, A KILLER LURKS BEYOND THE DOOR!



SOMEONE WHO FOLLOWED PROCTOR. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

YOU MAY NEED OUR HELP, MR. "E."



THERE'S GREAT DANGER AHEAD FOR YOU, MR. "E".

YES AND I'VE A HUNCH THAT PROCTOR'S ALREADY UP TO HIS NECK IN TROUBLE!



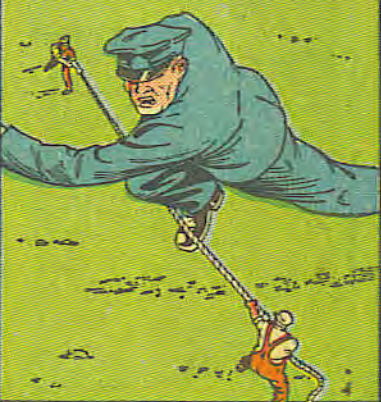
STOP! YOU CAN'T ENTER WITHOUT A PASS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



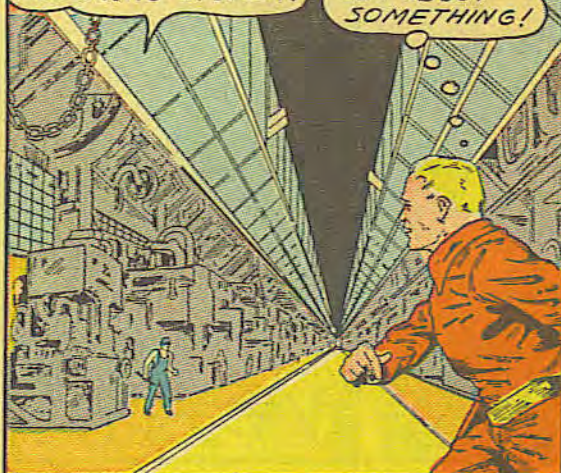
WATCH THIS SAP TAKE A TUMBLE!

WHAT THE DEUCE? AM I SEEIN' TINY DEVILS?



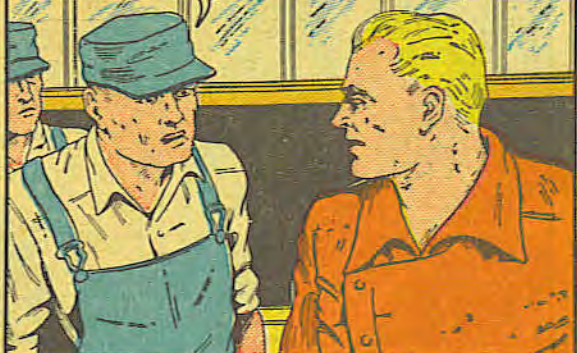
IT'S MR. "E"! MAYBE HE'S HEARD ABOUT THE JARVIS SYSTEM.

THESE MEN SEEM VERY UP-SET ABOUT SOMETHING!



THERE'S A RUMOR THAT ALL US MACHINE SHOP WORKERS ARE GOING TO LOSE OUR JOBS WHEN THE JARVIS ASSEMBLY MACHINERY IS INSTALLED!

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE, MEN. I'LL DO MY BEST FOR YOU!



I'M LOOKING FOR RUSS PROCTOR. KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MURDERING TRICKSTER!



WHY, WHAT DID PROCTOR DO, MR. KNAPP?

I SENT HIM TO BUY THE JARVIS PLAN SO WE COULD DESTROY ITS MENACE TO A MILLION SHOP WORKERS BUT PROCTOR DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!

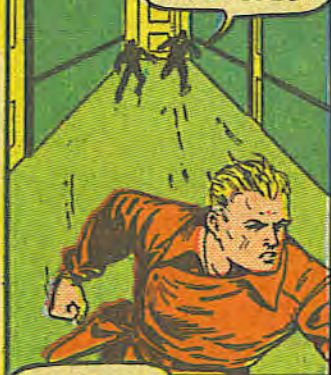


THAT'S A LIE, HURRY DOWN TO THE BOILER ROOM, MR. "E"!

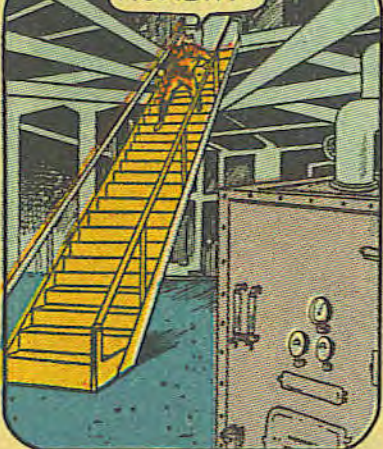
WHAT'S THAT LITTLE DEVIL? HOW'D HE GET IN HERE?



WHY DID YOU LET HIM GET AWAY, BOSS? IF HE FINDS PROCTOR- WE'LL STOP HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, BUT WE DON'T WANT ANY WITNESSES!

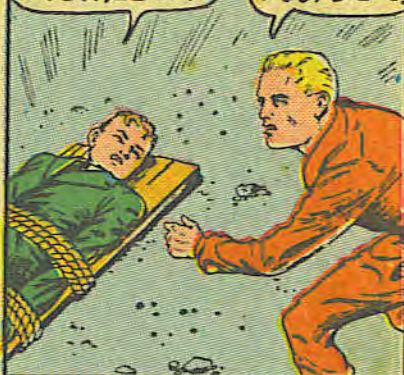


PROCTOR! HOLY SMOKE! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT!



KNAPP MADE ME THE DUPE OF HIS SCHEME. HE DIDN'T WANT TO GET JARVIS' PLAN TO DESTROY IT.. HE WANTED TO INSTALL IT!

QUIET! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS.



THERE HE IS. KILL HIM!

IT'S A PLEASURE, BOSS!



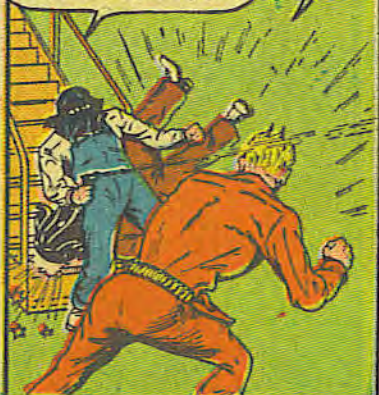
NOT SO FAST, BIG BOY! DROP THAT GUN!

OUCH! MY EYES. LOOK OUT, MAC! THOSE LITTLE DEVILS ARE LOOSE!



ONE BULLET IN HIS BRAIN AND WE STUFF HIM INTO THE FURNACE ALONG WITH PROCTOR!

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!



BUT I'LL ACT FIRST AND TALK AFTERWARD!

THAT KNOCK ON THE NOGGIN OUGHT TO HOLD HIM, MR. "E."

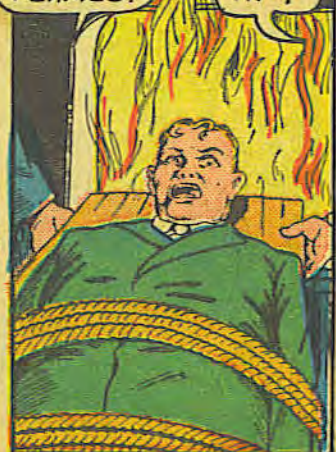


THAT FIXES HIM FOR KEEPS! GET ON YOUR FEET, MAC. QUICK!



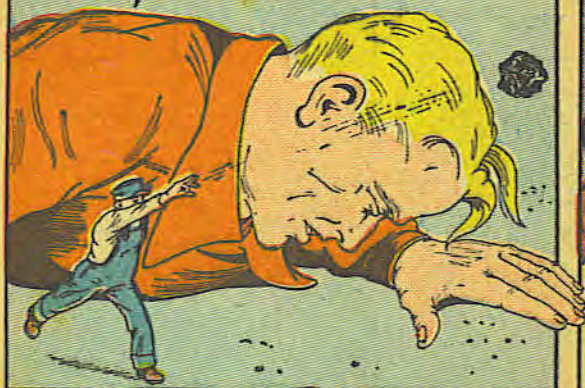
READY! FEED HIM TO THE FLAMES!

OUCH! HEY-WHAT TH'?



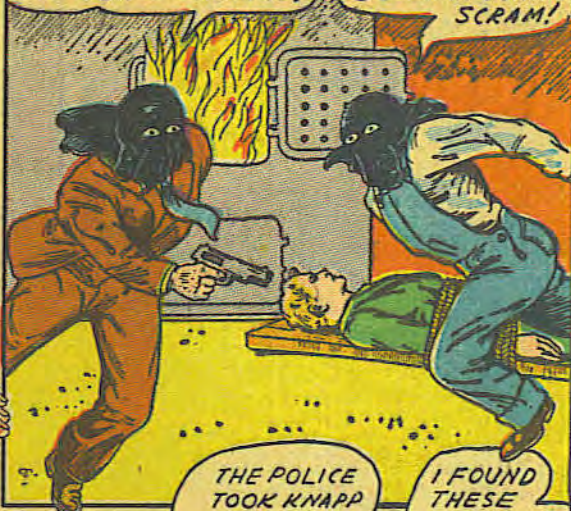
WE'VE GOT 'EM
WORRIED. THEY
WON'T DARE PUSH
HIM INTO THE
FIRE BOX!

I'VE GOT TO
CATCH THEM
OFF GUARD!



BLOCK HIM, MAC!
MY GUN'S JAMMED!

NOTHIN' DOIN',
BOSS. I'M GONNA
SCRAM!



YOU WON'T NEED
ANOTHER SOCK LIKE
THIS ONE, KNAPP!



THESE LITTLE
FELLOWS CUT
ME LOOSE.
ONE SHOT
MAC WITH
HIS OWN
GUN.

GUARD 'EM TILL
THE COPS
COME. THEN
MEET ME
UP IN THE
OFFICE.



THE POLICE
TOOK KNAPP
AND MAC. I
TOLD 'EM YOU'D
PROVIDE ALL
THE EVIDENCE.

I FOUND
THESE
BLUEPRINTS
OF JARVIS'
PRODUCTION
SYSTEM IN
A SECRET
DRAWER
OF KNAPP'S
DESK.



WITHIN TEN MINUTES...

THESE BLUE-
PRINTS ARE
FADED, PROV-
ING THAT KNAPP'S
MEN TOOK THEM
FROM JARVIS'
CAR AFTER
THEY FORCED
HIM OFF THE
BRIDGE.

THIS
EVIDENCE
WILL
SEND
KNAPP
AND MAC
TO THE
CHAIR!



THERE'LL BE A NEW
PLANT SUPERINTENDANT,
AND YOU MEN WILL
NEVER HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT LOSING YOUR
JOBS BECAUSE I'LL
DESTROY THOSE PLANS
MYSELF!

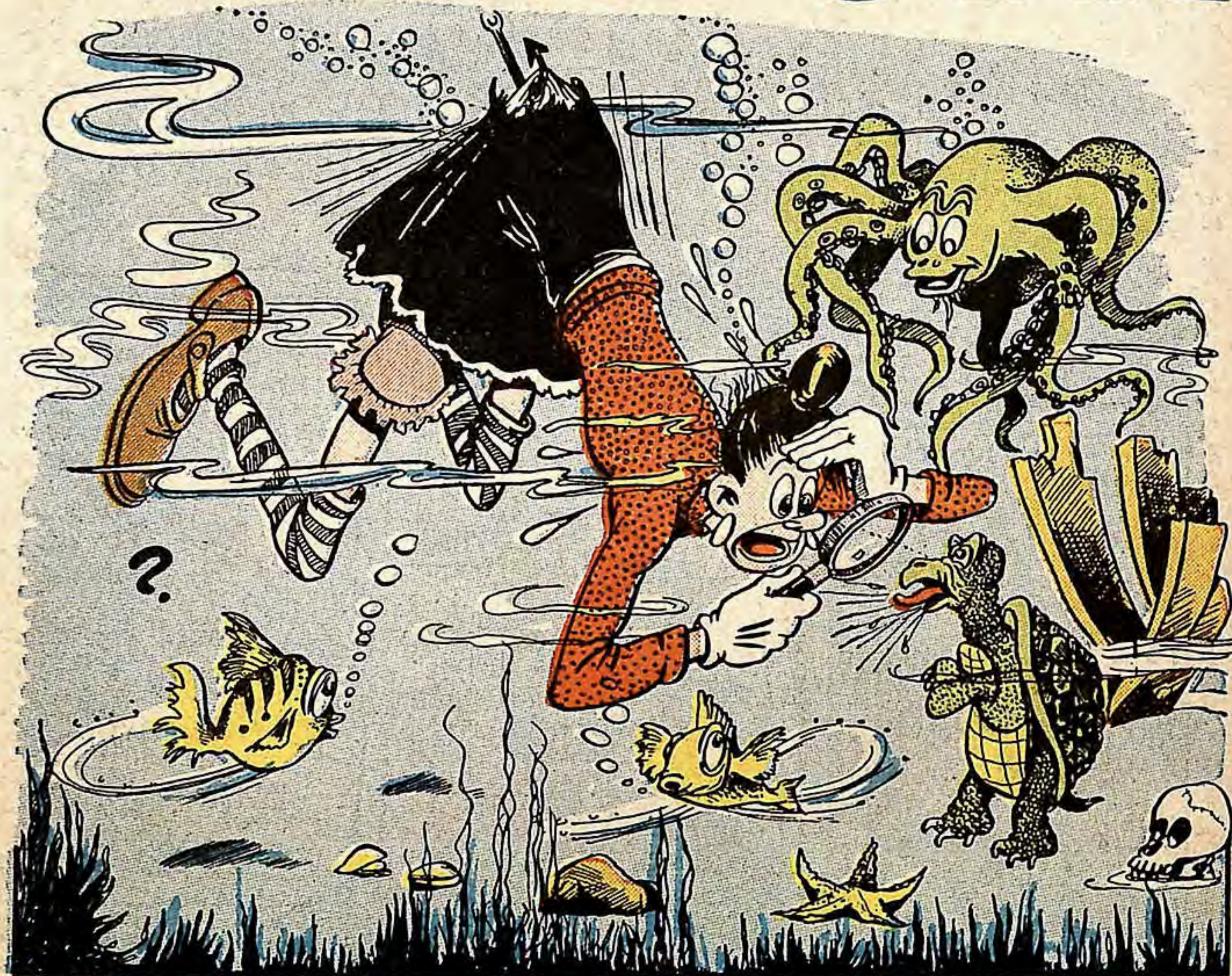


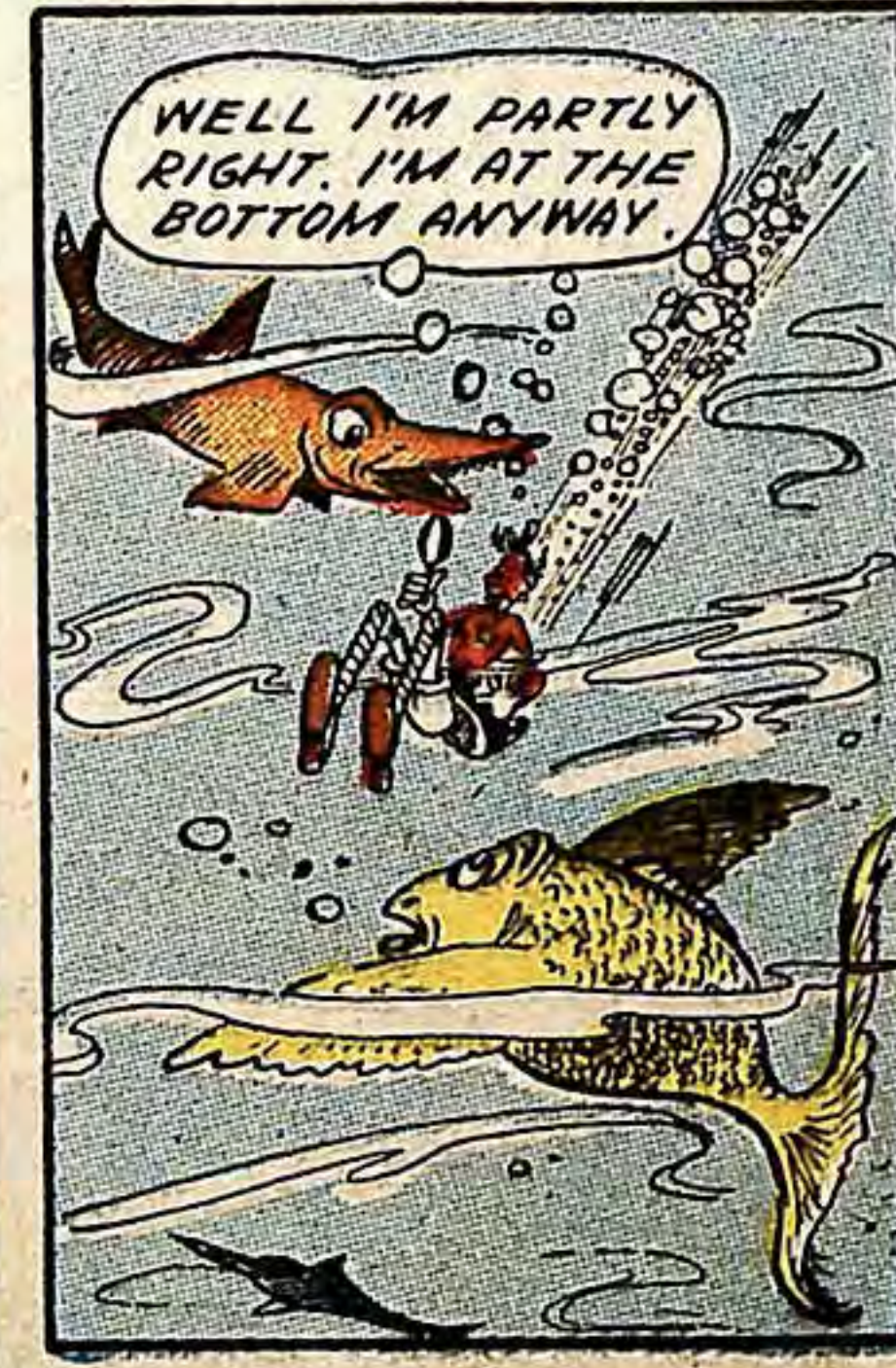
AT NIGHTFALL ...

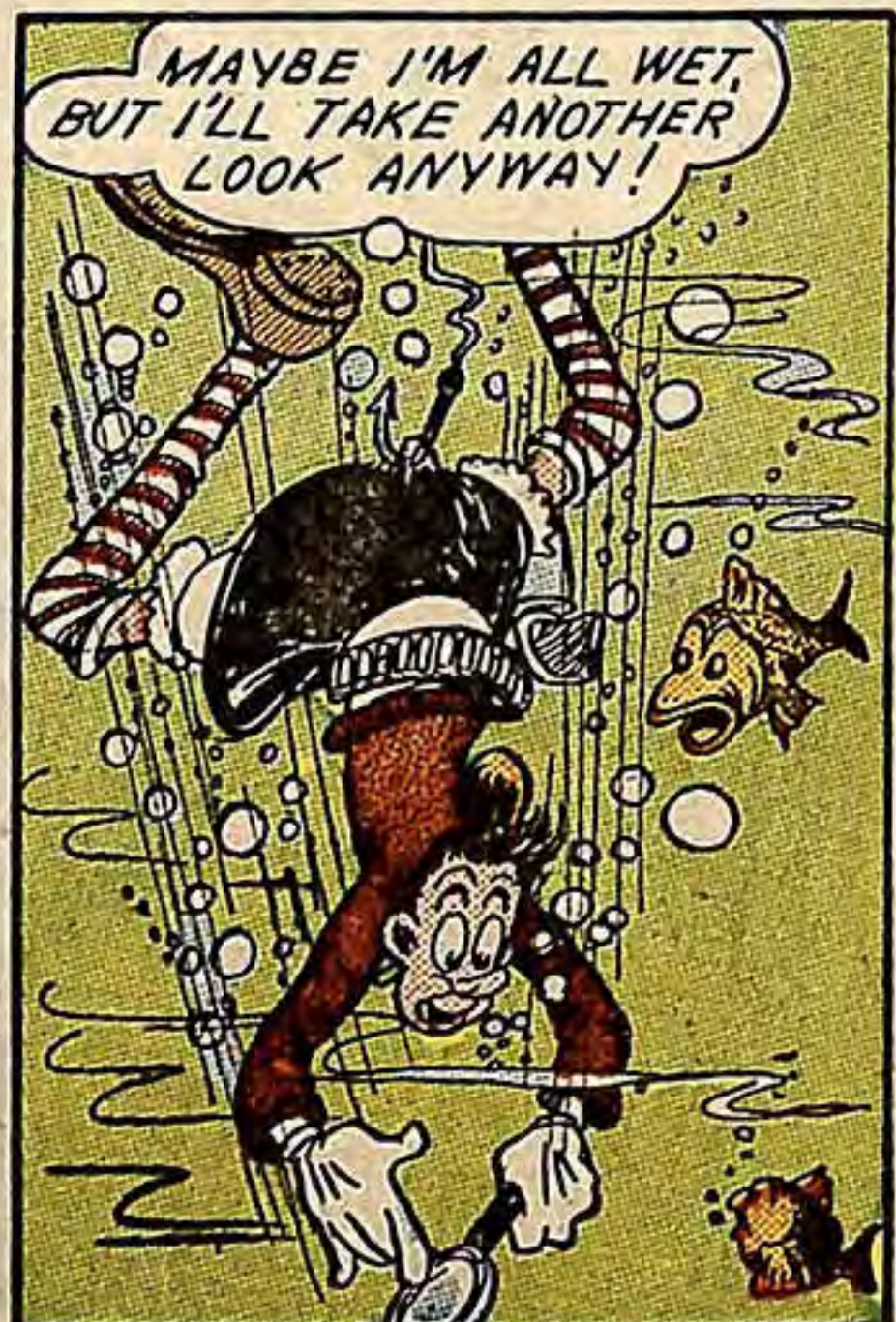
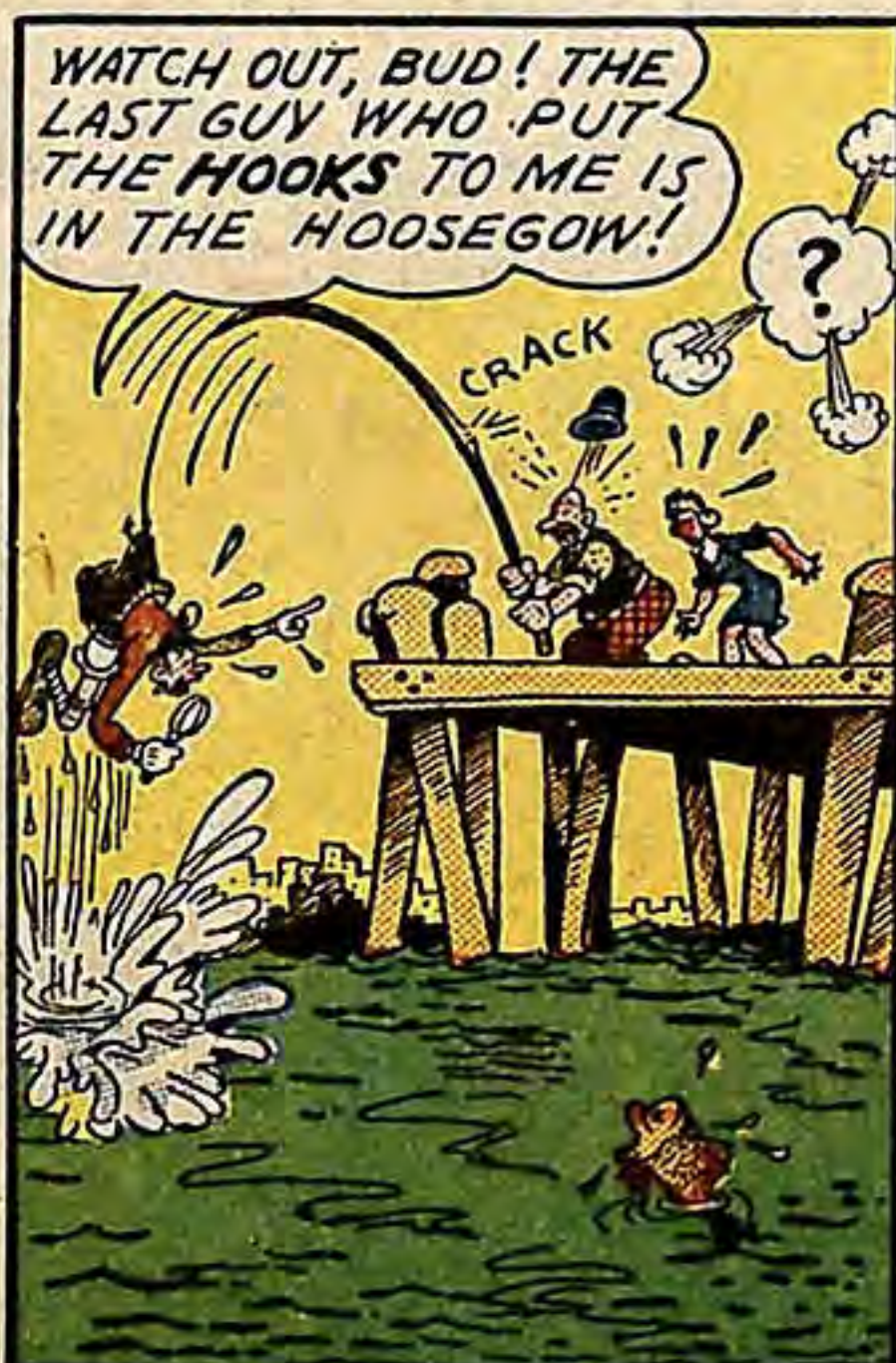
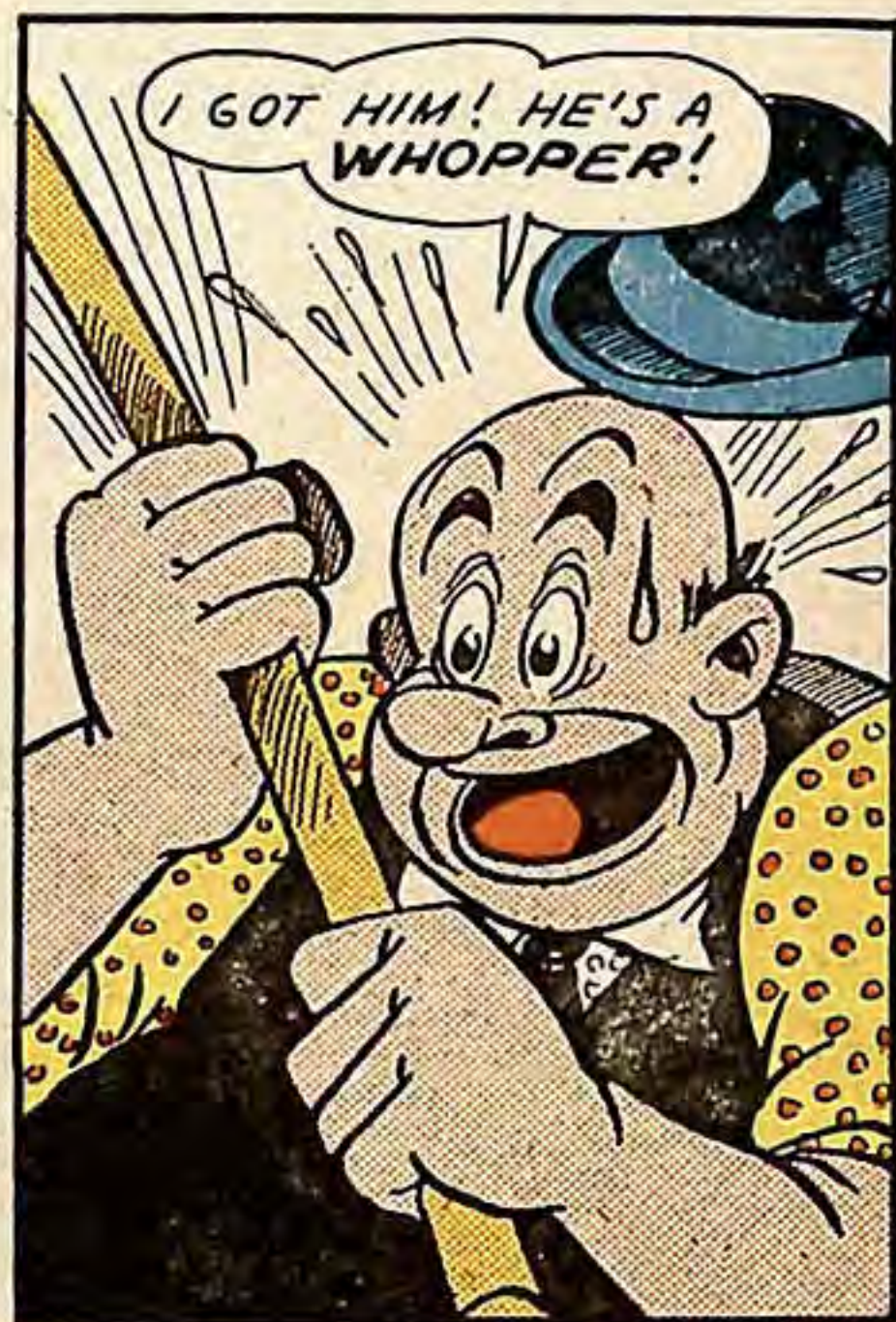
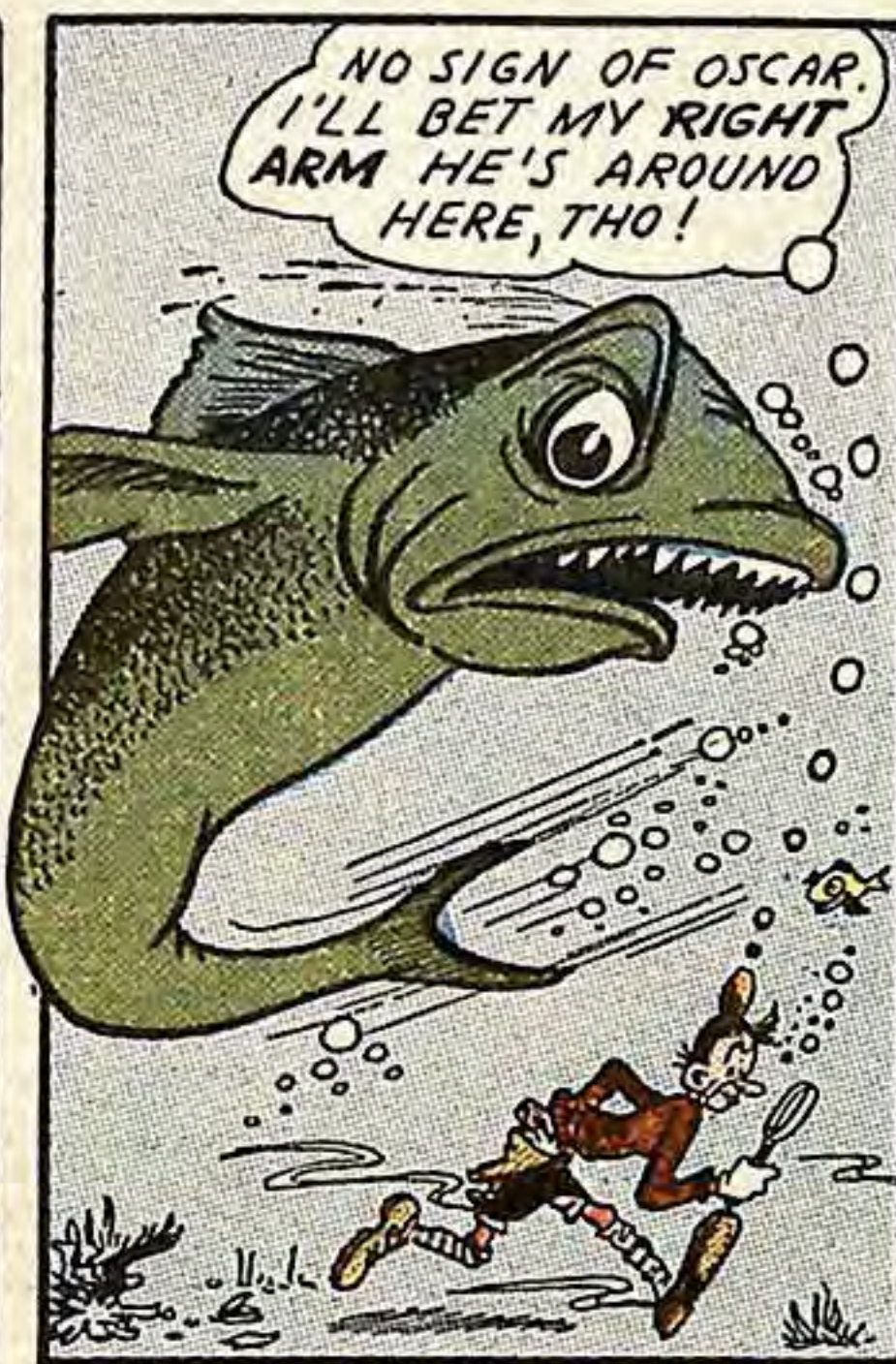
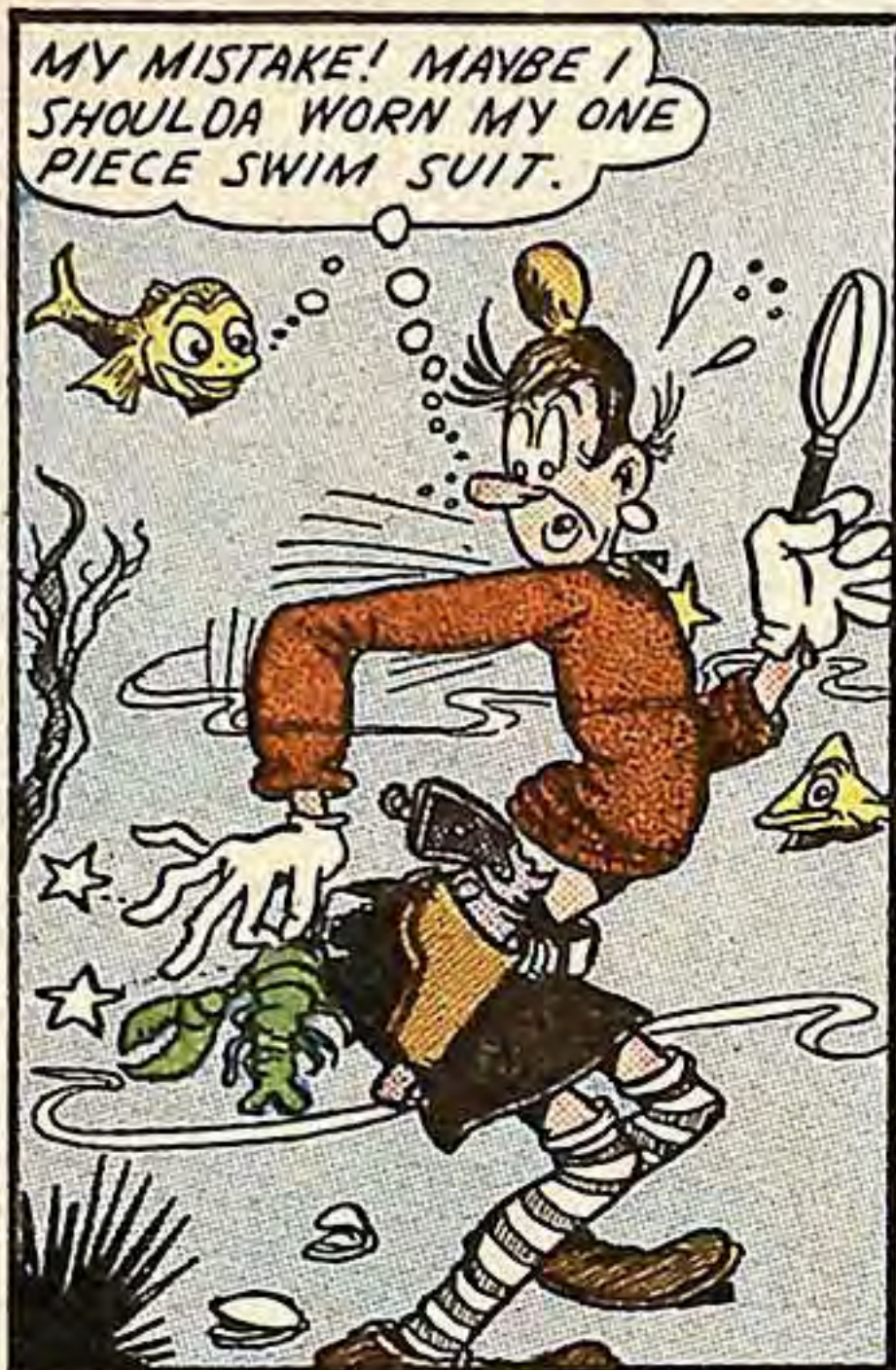
JUSTICE HAS WON
AGAIN, MIGHTY KING
KOLAH. BUT WITHOUT
THE AID OF YOUR LITTLE
MESSENGERS I MIGHT
NOW HAVE BEEN
A CHARRED CORPSE!



IMA SLOOTH









LOSER'S LUCK

Lucky Coyne stood on the Court House steps flipping his favorite half dollar nervously.

"Shine, boss?" the small figure at his side asked.

Lucky glanced down at the eager face. "Not today, Tony, I'm broke. Haven't got a cent to my name," he noticed the brown eyes follow the twisting coin he was flipping. Then he grinned. "Oh, so I'm a liar, Tony. You see, this is my good luck piece. If I ever lost it, I'd give a hundred bucks to get it back. See you tomorrow and I'll buy a couple of shines."

"You bet, boss!" Tony turned toward a new customer.

Lucky turned toward the subway to start back to the office. He'd see if his boss was going to come through with the raise he was promised. Hadn't he just come from the courtroom where Jack Mitchell was found guilty of extortion? Hadn't he written up the racket and been responsible for Mitchell's arrest? That raise had better be good!

Still the news could wait until tomorrow. Perhaps he should drop in on Kitty Kelly and see if she had made a fresh apple pie by any chance. He tossed the coin. Heads it was the office, tails, Kitty and apple pie!

"Come along with us!" a voice snapped into Lucky's ear. Two men flanked him.

One sneered, "There's a rod in your back so don't try any tricks!"

Lucky nodded, "Okay, you win!" he glanced at the coin in his hand and mumbled, "I guess I won't be needing this." He flipped it back toward the shoe shine boy.

They entered a car at the curb. Lucky was pushed into the back seat, a gunman on each side of him.

"You're Jack Mitchell's friends," he told them. One nodded, "Yeah, and you won't be pulling

the same stunt on us you did on him. When the other reporters visit you in the morgue, they'll think twice before sticking their noses into other people's business." He leaned forward, "Okay, Joe, let's get this over with in a hurry."

In a short time the car drew up near a dark alley. "This is it," the driver mumbled. "Get it over with in a hurry. I've got a date tonight."

One of the men prodded Lucky, "Step out!" he ordered.

"Sure," Lucky grinned. He had seen the dimmed headlights half a block away. He hesitated for a second on the running board and then leaped for the shadow of the building.

Instantly two guns barked. Lead whipped past Lucky's head.

Suddenly, the siren of the police car shrieked. The gears of the gangsters' car screamed as the driver tried frantically to put on speed. A gun flame stabbed the darkness and the car veered, then swung straight into the nearby building. The gunmen were unconscious when the policemen dragged them from the wrecked car.

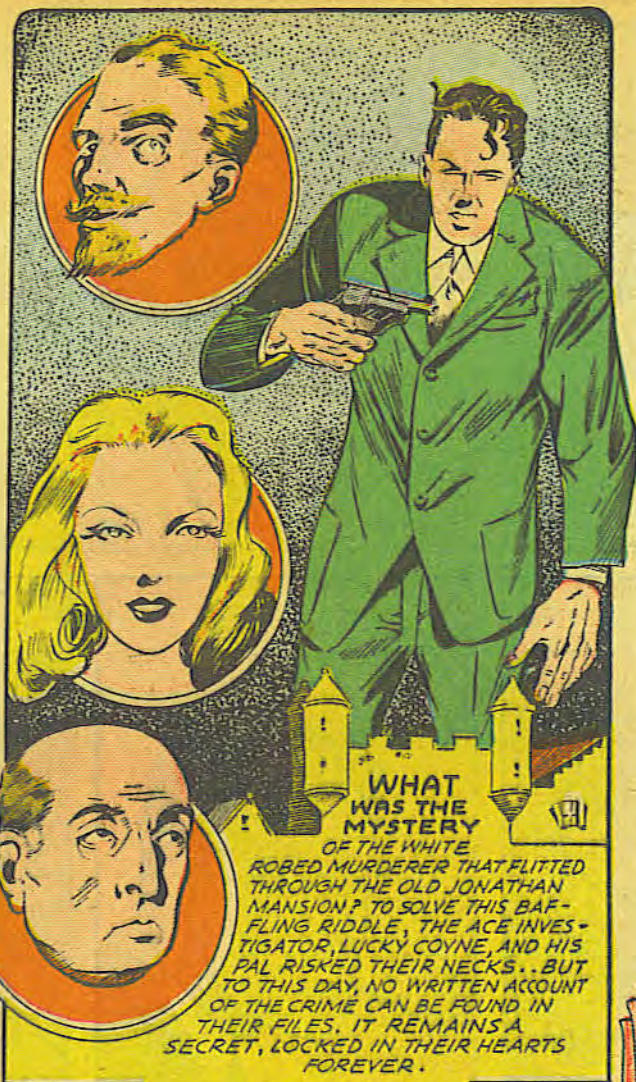
The next day, Lucky was in front of the Court House. Anxiously he paced up and down, waiting. Finally a thin voice piped at his side, "Shine, boss?"

Lucky dug into his pocket, "Hand over that coin, Tony. Here's the hundred bucks I told you I'd pay to anyone who returned it. I knew you'd catch on and notify the police when I tossed it to you."

Tony's eyes widened. "Gosh, boss, was that you who gave me the half buck? I thought it was the guy whose shoes I was shining. I didn't notify the police about anything and—," he paused, "I spent the four bits on a book called 'How to be a Detective'."

L
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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN STANDS THE OLD JONATHAN MANSION.

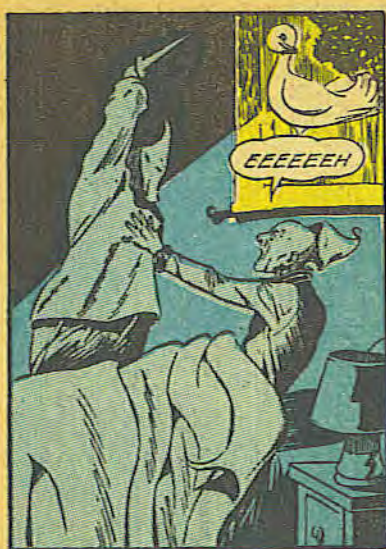


EACH MIDNIGHT, WHEN THE MOON IS FULL, A SILENT FORM GLIDES THROUGH THE EMPTY HALLS.



A DOOR CREAKS, AND STEALTHY THE FORM CREEPS FORWARD.





THE NEXT DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF LUCKY COYNE, CRACK PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.



SOON THE TWO INVESTIGATORS REACH THE DREARY DRIVEWAY THAT LEADS TO THE SECLUDED JONATHAN MANSION.

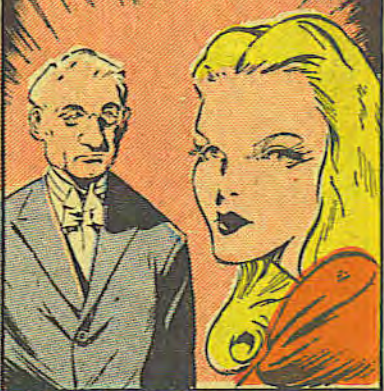


THIS IS DR. KNOWLES. THESE MEN ARE TAKING THE CASE, DOCTOR.

MARTHA, I WISH YOU HAD TALKED TO ME BEFORE CONSULTING THEM.



...AND THIS IS PETER. HE HAS BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS.



AND THIS IS MY STEP-MOTHER AND MY OWN FATHER. LUCKY COYNE AND TERRY, THEY ARE TAKING THE CASE.

I CAN ASSURE YOU THE CASE WILL GO NO FURTHER THAN US, SIR!

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SHOULD...



THE WILL OF THE DEAD UNCLE. I MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING HERE.

GIVE ME THAT. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SNOOP IN MY BROTHER'S PAPERS.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE TERRACE.

THAT WILL HAD ONLY ONE SENTENCE. IT LEFT ALL THE UNCLE'S MONEY TO HIS BROTHER, WHO IS MARTHA'S FATHER.



THAT NIGHT, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

I DO NOT KNOW IF THE KILLER WILL STRIKE AGAIN, BUT PLEASE WATCH OUT.

WE'LL BE ON GUARD, MISS MARTHA.



LATER, AS THE LAST STROKE OF TWELVE FADES AWAY...



ONCE AGAIN, THE SILENT WHITE ROBED FIGURE STALKS WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD...





AS LUCKY TRIES, IN VAIN, TO CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION...

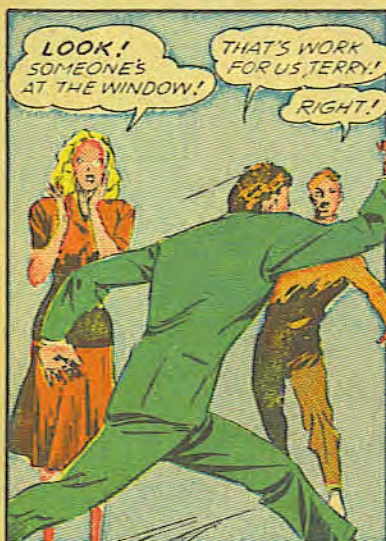
NOW THAT WE'RE ALL HERE... YOU'LL HAVE TO BEGIN ONE BY ONE AND ACCOUNT FOR YOUR WHEREABOUTS THIS EVE.....

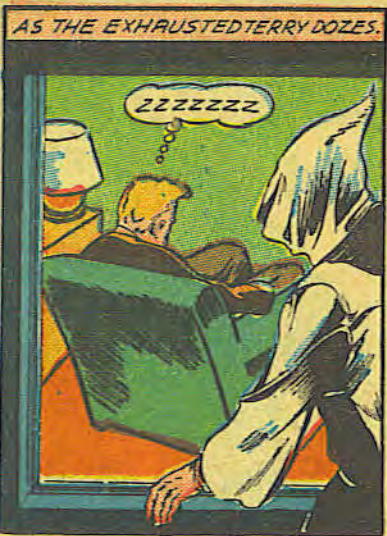


THIS IS GETTING TOO DARN SERIOUS. I'M GETTING REAL PROTECTION FROM NOW ON. YOU TWO ARE DISCHARGED



A SILENT FIGURE CLOSELY VIEWS THE PROCEEDINGS.









ECHO

DR. DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA, ENTERTAIN THEIR BROTHER, THE FEARLESS FOE OF CRIME, THE ECHO.

I SAY, ISN'T THAT YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE?

DR. DOOM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, YOU MUST!

SO IT IS!



I WISH YOU'D RUN OVER AND SEE MY MOTHER, DR. DOOM. SHE'S IN A TERRIBLE NERVOUS STATE AND IMAGINES ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

I'LL VISIT HER AS A FRIEND, PAUL, BUT I CAN'T INTRUDE INTO THE CASE. IT MAY INTERFERE WITH DR. ANTON'S PLANS.



I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AND CORA TO GET BACK.

WE ARE RUNNING OVER TO SEE MRS. WITHERBEE, ECHO. WHAT ABOUT YOU?



A SHORT WHILE LATER...



THE WITHERBEE'S
HAVE LIVED IN
THESE PARTS FOR
GENERATIONS.
NEAREST
NEIGHBOR
IS TEN MILES
AWAY.

THIS ROAD
MAKES ME
SHIVER, IT'S
SO DESOLATE.



IT'S POSITIVELY
GLOOMY. I KEEP
THINKING I HEAR
WHISPERING VOICES
FROM THE
TREES.

STEADY, SIS...
IT'S JUST THE
TREES RUSTLING.
ON SUNNY DAYS
IT'S INVITING...
ALMOST!



THANK GOODNESS
YOU HAVE COME.
DR. ANTON IS
UP THERE WITH
MOTHER AND
MY SISTER.

I'D PREFER
TO STAY IN
THE LIBRARY
UNTIL DR.
ANTON
LEAVES.

YOUNG PAUL WITHERBEE
USHERS THEM IN.



WHHHHHHOOOOEEEEEEEEE

MERCY....
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S MOTHER...
COME QUICK!



I FORBID YOU
TO GO TO YOUR
MOTHER, PAUL.
AND WHO ARE
THESE PEOPLE?

FRIENDS OF
MINE. WHAT
HAS HAPPENED?
WE HEARD A
HORRIBLE
SCREAM!



I'M GOING TO
SEE MRS.
WITHERBEE.
AS A DOCTOR,
I'D THINK YOU'D
WANT TO KNOW
WHY SHE
SCREAMED,
DR. ANTON.

HALLUCINATIONS
DR. DOOM. THE
SEDATIVE I
GAVE HER WILL
SOON TAKE EFFECT
AND SHE WILL
SLEEP.



IF YOU ENTER
THIS ROOM, THE
EFFECT ON MRS.
WITHERBEE MAY
BE DISASTROUS.

I WILL
ACCEPT
SUCH A
RESPONSIBILITY!



ONE MUST IN A
CRISIS LIKE THIS.



CIRCUMSTANCES
FORCES THIS, THINGS
ARE MORE SERIOUS
THAN YOU THINK.



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE WITHERBEE MANSION ON THE LONELY DUNES, STANDS THE SILENT FIGURE OF THE ECHO.



IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. CORA AND THE DOCTOR WERE TO BE HOME FOR DINNER. I MUST FIND OUT WHY THEY WERE DETAINED.



SWIFTLY, HE ENTERS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



... AND MOUNTS THE LONG DISMAL STAIRCASE.

THE STAIRS CREAK... I MUST TRED LIGHTLY!



ONE COMES, WE WILL HAVE A VICTIM TO-NIGHT.

SHHHH!

WHILE ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



SHHHH!

WHAT...?



MORE! THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.



FRESH BLOOD-
FRESH BLOOD!



SUDDENLY, THE RADIO ACTIVE RING OF THE ECHO FLASHES AND THE SLIMY CREATURES ARE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS.



IT'S INHUMAN, NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST? THOSE EYES... CREATURES OF THE NIGHT...



AS THE ECHO OBSERVES THE MONSTERS, A SHADOW DRAWS EVER CLOSER AND CLOSER.

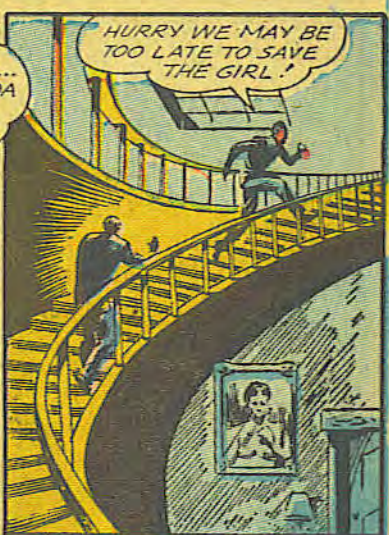


THE EFFECT OF THE RING WEARS OFF FREEING THE OTHERS FROM THE PARALYTIC RAY.



SUDDENLY, THE ROOM IS FLOODED WITH LIGHT AND A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY SHOUTS.







MANHUNTERS

GUARDIANS OF THE LAW

EVER ALERT, EVER WATCHFUL
FEARING NEITHER DANGER,
NOR DEATH THE "MOUNTIES"
GIVE CRIME NO RESPIRE.
WHETHER IT BE IN THE ARCTIC
WASTES OR THE YUKON WILDS
THE ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE ALWAYS
GET THEIR MAN!

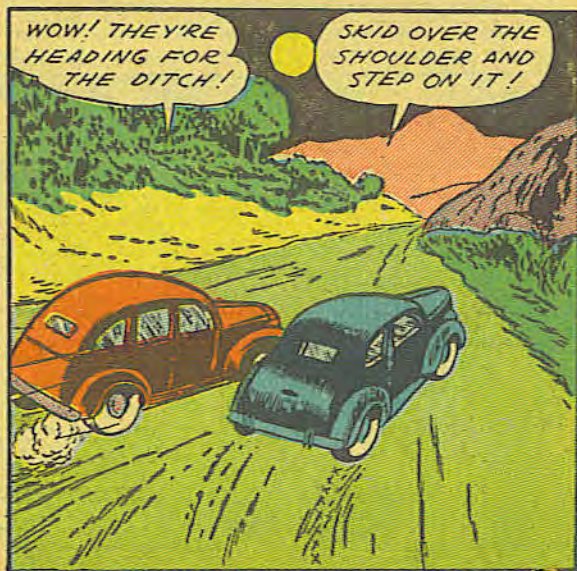
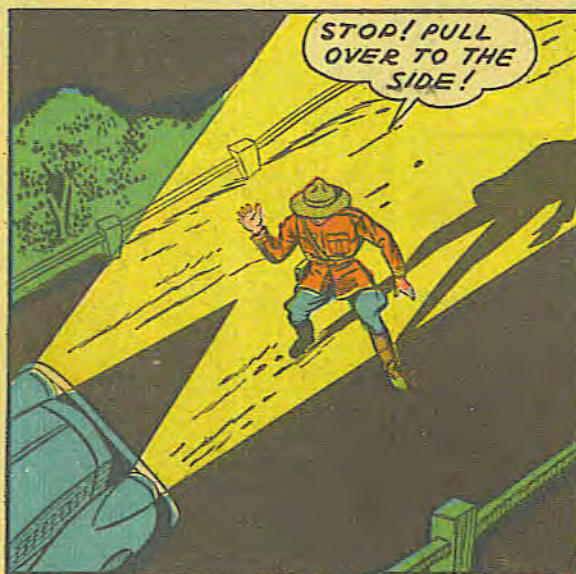


A MIDNIGHT ROBBERY IN SALTER
SASKATCHEWAN BY A DANGEROUS TRIO:-
BILL AND MIKE KURULAK AND BILL MILLER.



NEXT THE BANDITS LOOT A LONELY
HOUSE AND MAKE THEIR GETAWAY
IN A STOLEN CAR.





CUTTING PAST THE "MOUNTIE" THE CROOKS LEAD A RECKLESS RACE.

CAN'T GAIN AN INCH! HAVE-TO STOP AT SHEHO AND PHONE RALLS.

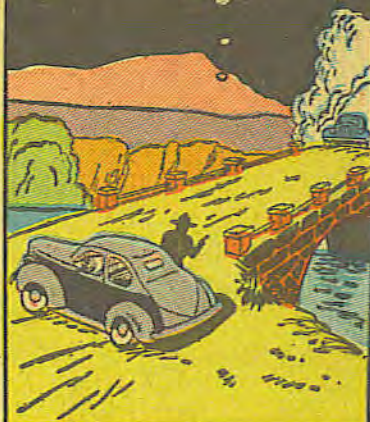


WATCH FOR 'EM AT FOAM LAKE, RALLS.

RIGHT-O, NOVAKOWSKI! I'LL BLOCK THE BRIDGE.



HERE THEY COME. THEY WON'T GET BY ME.



GET OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



THE CROOKS REPLY WITH SPITTING DEATH.

UH-MGH!

SEZ YOU, MOUNTIE!



PUSHING RALLS' CAR ASIDE THE KILLERS SPEED OFF.

GIVE 'ER THE GAS, MIKE. THAT MOUNTIE CROAKED!



INSPECTOR MOORHEAD TAKES CHARGE, AT THE MURDER SCENE.

WE'LL TRAIL 'EM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, NOVAKOWSKI.



RIGHT-O! HUTCHINSON AND I WILL FORM A POSSE, SIR.

THE MANHUNTERS HOUND THE TRAIL..

THERE'S A GETAWAY CAR--EMPTY.

THE ROAD GOT TOO BAD TO DRIVE.





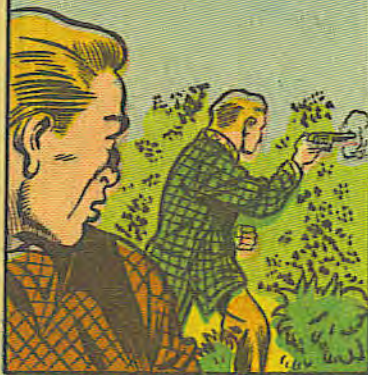
INSTEAD OF SURRENDERING
THE BANDITS OPEN FIRE.

DROP THOSE
GUNS! I'M
AIMING TO
KILL!



DON'T WASTE
YOUR SHOTS,
BILL. RUN
FOR IT!

BUT
THEY'VE
GOT MY
BROTHER
MIKE!



WELL, WE GOT
AWAY FROM THEM,
KURULAK.

YEAH,
MILLER,
NOW WE
OUGHT TO
SEPARATE.



I HAVEN'T
EATEN FOR TWO
DAYS... MAYBE
THAT FARMHOUSE...



WILLIAM KURULAK WANDERS
AIMLESSLY BUT DESPERATE-
HAUNTED BY FEAR OF CAPTURE.

I WOULD LIKE
A PLACE TO
SLEEP AND
SOMETHING
TO EAT.



THIS MAY
BE ONE OF
THE BANDITS!

GO TO THE BARN.
I'LL GET YOU
SOMETHING.

THIS IS JAMES
ADAMS. I THINK I
HAVE ONE OF THE
BANDITS AT MY
FARM!



GET UP,
YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!

I... I'M SO
TIRED... I'M
GLAD YOU
GOT ME!



IT'S BETTER
TO SPREAD OUT
THE POSSE.
WE'LL CONTINUE
ALONG THE ROAD.

YEAH! WHAT'S
THAT AHEAD?

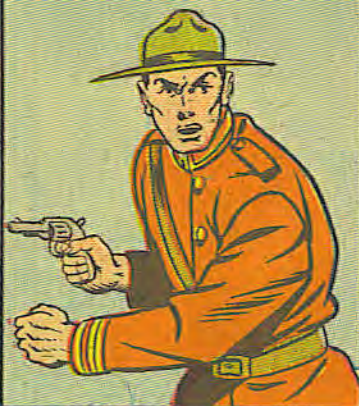


BUT WILLIAM MILLER SPOTS THE MANHUNTERS.

JUST WHEN I GOT A LIFT, THEM MOUNTIES SHOW UP!



HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, HUTCHINSON!



YOU BLASTED COPPERS WILL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!



THE MANHUNTERS POUR A STREAM OF HOT LEAD AFTER MILLER...

BEHIND THAT HEMLOCK!

RIGHT-O! I SEE HIM!



LOOK! NOVAKOWSKI! HE'S STOPPED FIRING!

GO EASY. IT MAY BE A TRICK!



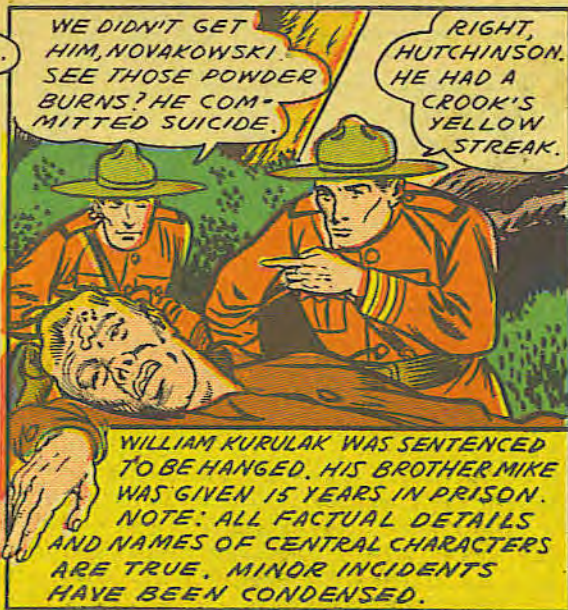
HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT. GUESS WE GOT HIM

YEAH, BUT LOOK, HUTCHINSON..



WE DIDN'T GET HIM, NOVAKOWSKI. SEE THOSE POWDER BURNS? HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

RIGHT, HUTCHINSON. HE HAD A CROOK'S YELLOW STREAK.



WILLIAM KURULAK WAS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED. HIS BROTHER MIKE WAS GIVEN 15 YEARS IN PRISON. NOTE: ALL FACTUAL DETAILS AND NAMES OF CENTRAL CHARACTERS ARE TRUE. MINOR INCIDENTS HAVE BEEN CONDENSED.

ODOOR *of* GUILT

Mr. Smith shook his head in disgust as he faced his son, Victor. "I'll bet Yankee Boy doesn't waste his time fooling around the sort of a menagerie you keep," he stormed, "three turtles, a wood pussy, a one-eyed cat, four roosters and a lame dog! I understand now why you never have any of your allowance left each week. It must take it all to feed them."

Victor left the house quietly. He knew his father didn't mean to be cross. No doubt something had gone wrong at the office. He hurried to the barn and carefully fed his pets. He watched his dog and cat eating side by side with the skunk and laughed, "Some people don't know a skunk can be the finest pet in the world if it's treated kindly."

Carefully locking them up, he returned to the house. His father was in deep conversation with his mother. He couldn't help overhearing them. Some one in the office was opening his desk every night and copying the plans he was working on for the new diesel motor. He had reported his suspicions to his superior but had been laughed at. No one had a key to the room except Mr. Lewis, his boss, Jerry Mills, son of the owner, and himself. Still, he found his papers disarranged each morning.

"If those plans are ever stolen, the thief would be able to duplicate them in no time. I don't know what to do. My hands are tied," he fretted.

Victor left the room unnoticed. He crept upstairs and quickly donned his Yankee Boy uniform which he kept hidden under a loose board in his room. It was but the work of an instant for him to slide into his father's room, and in no time he was back with what he had gone after. He slid up the window in his room and silently let himself down the drain pipe.

A quick visit to the barn and then he was running rapidly through the streets toward the business center of town. Carefully, he eluded the guard at the building and using the key he had taken from his father's pocket, entered the office. No one

was there.

Silently, he closed the door and went to his father's desk. With another key he opened the large drawer and gingerly placed a small object inside. Then he closed the drawer and locked it.

Yankee Boy returned home swiftly, slipped out of his uniform and joined his mother and father. He sat up a long time after his mother had gone to bed. When he started for the stairs, his father called him back. "Victor, I want you to get rid of that skunk. I don't want him around any longer," he snapped.

Victor nodded, "You won't see him around anymore, Dad."

The next day Victor rushed into his father's office. He stared at Mr. Lewis and then turned toward Jerry Mills. They both greeted him curtly.

Victor turned from his father and leaned over Jerry Mills' desk. "Get away from me," the young man ordered.

But Victor didn't move. Instead he leaned down and whispered, "If you don't turn those plans you've been copying back to the office and resign, I'm going to have you arrested."

Jerry's face flushed. "How do you know? I didn't do anything."

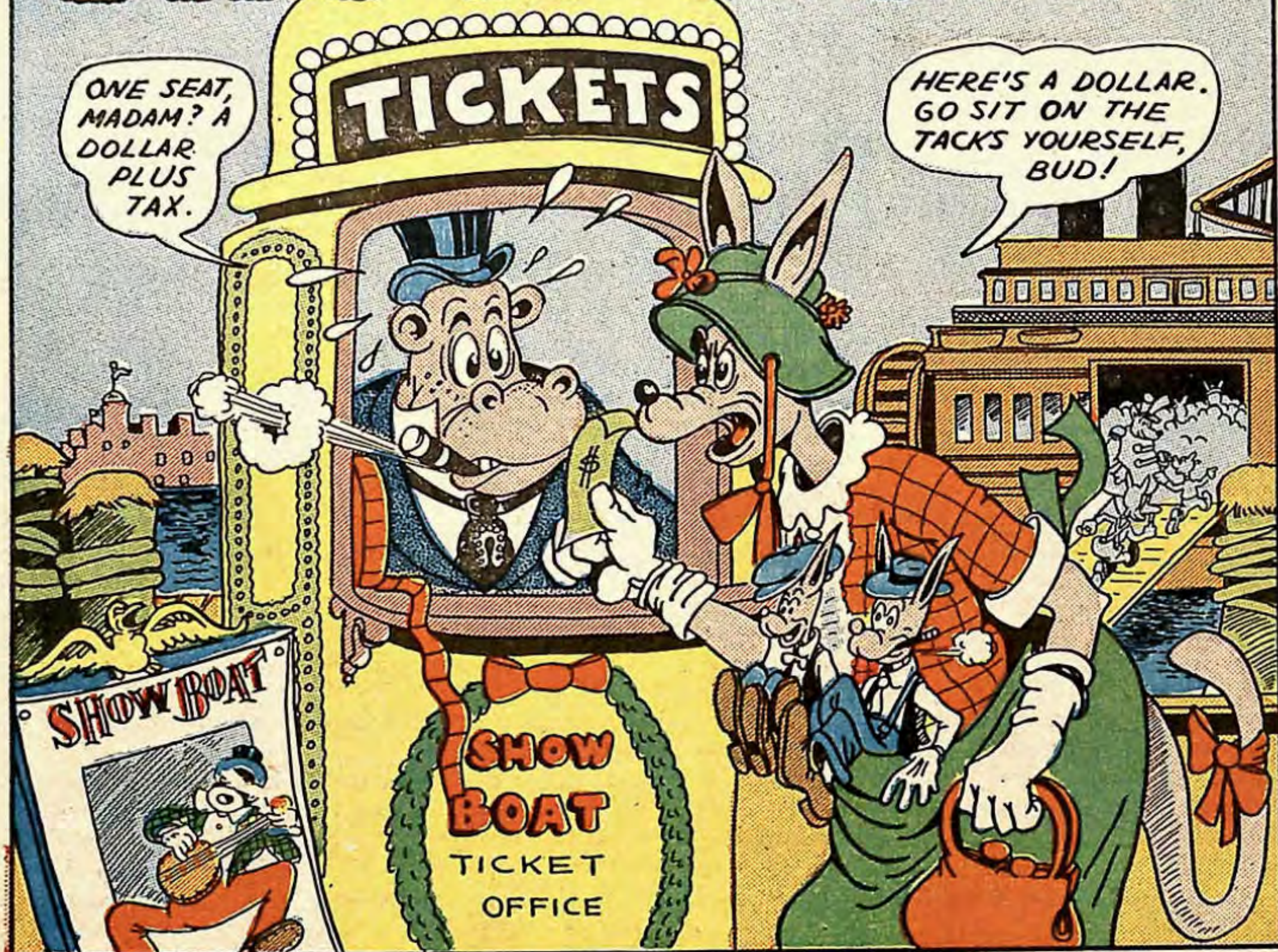
Victor shook his head. "You were here last night and had an interview with my skunk. I suppose you tried to wash off the smell but it just can't be done. Are you going to confess or do I have to turn you in?"

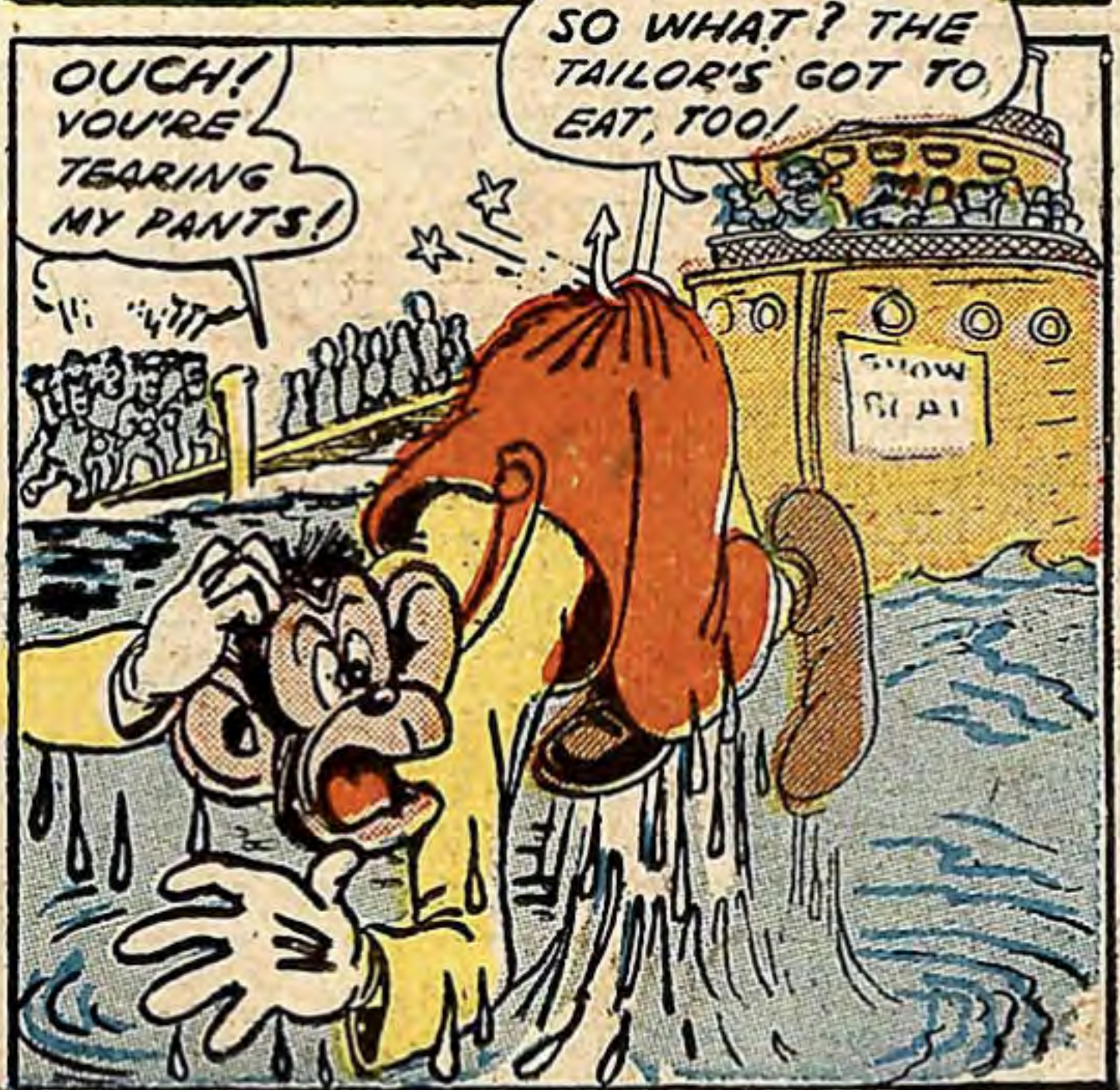
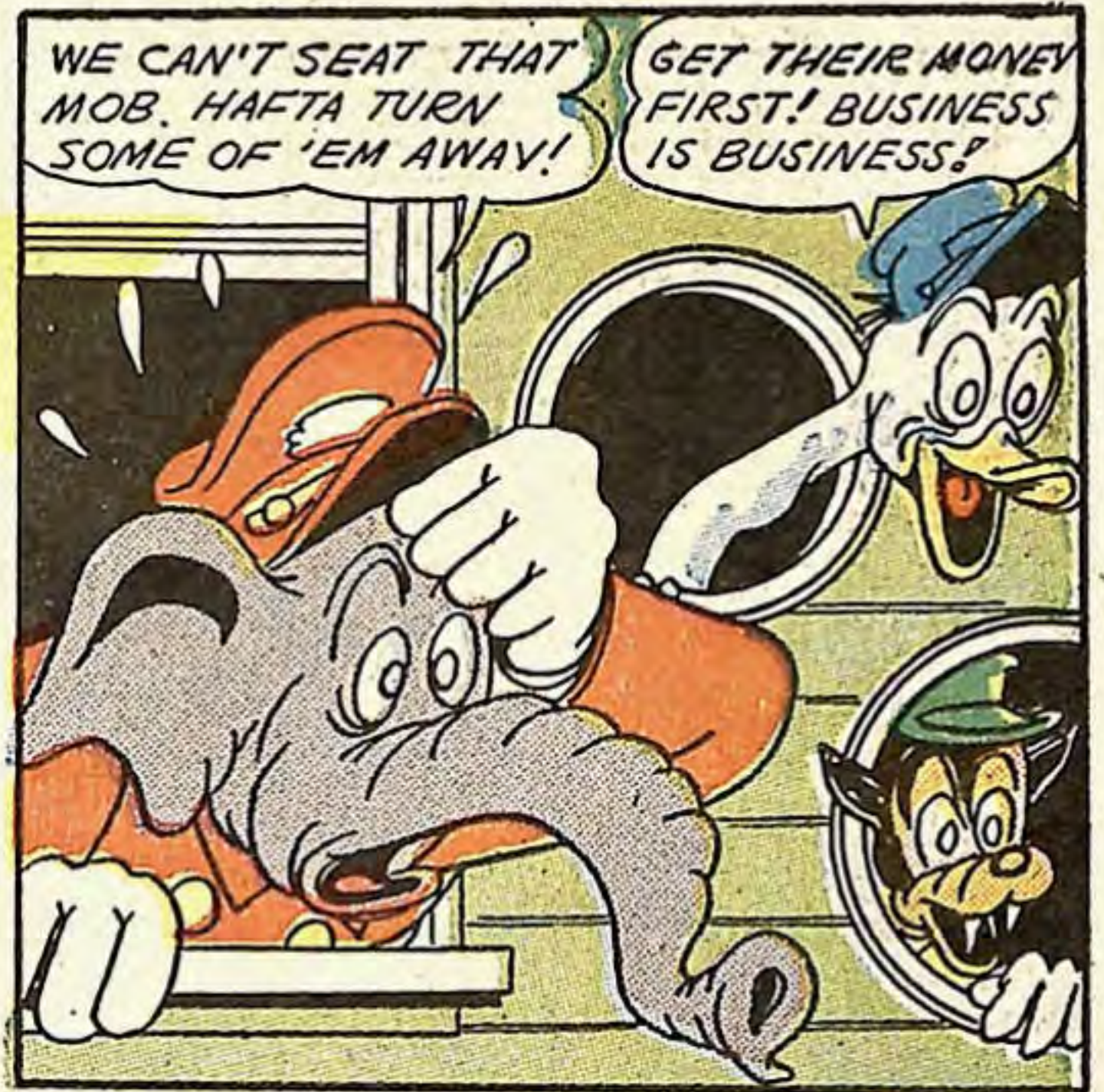
"I'll tell," Jerry whispered, "I didn't do anything with the plans. I was going to steal them but your pet made me think twice."

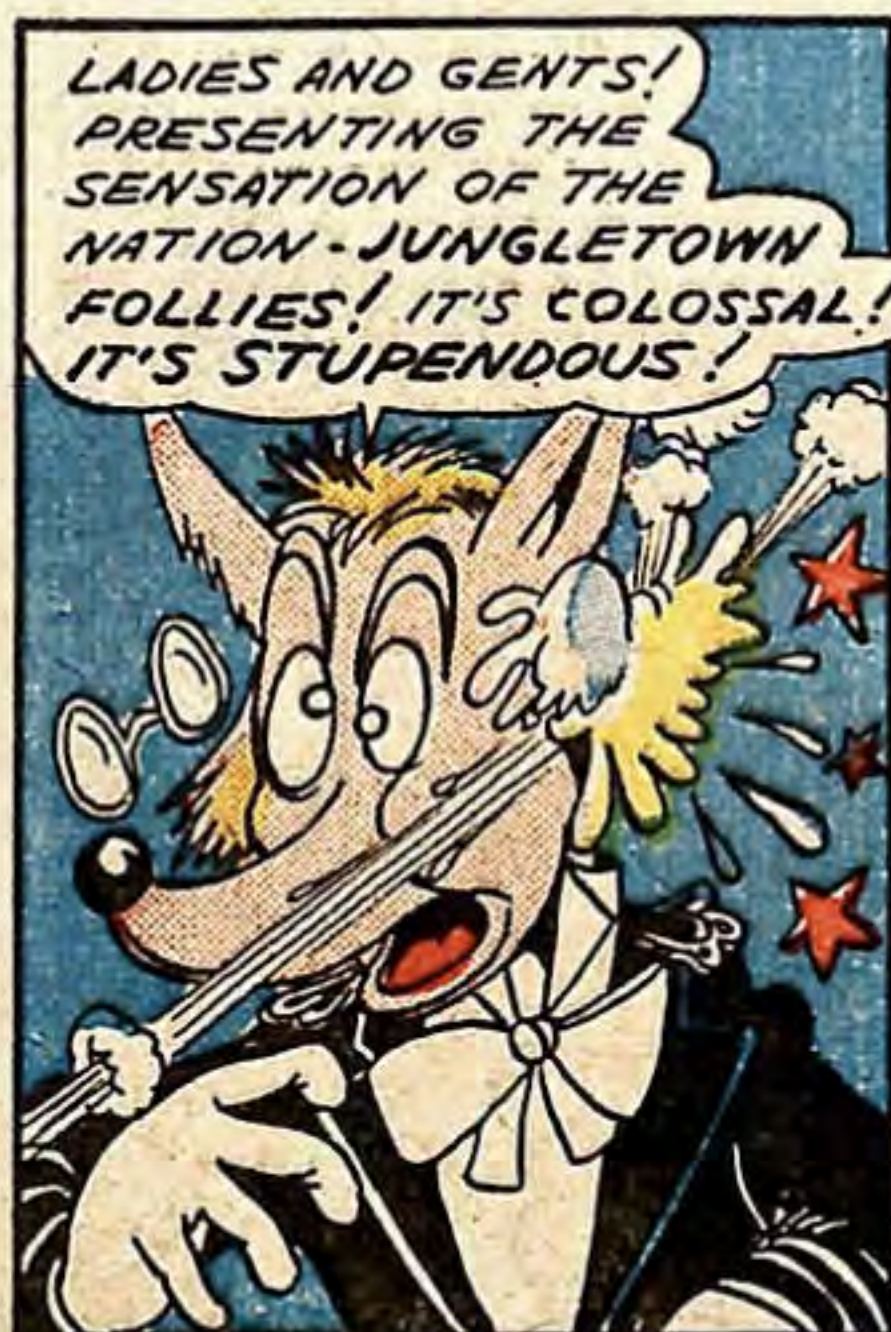
That night Victor's father was beaming. He told them at the dinner table that Jerry Mills had admitted copying the plans from his desk. Finally he turned to Victor, "I guess I was harsh on you last night, son. What happened to your pet skunk?"

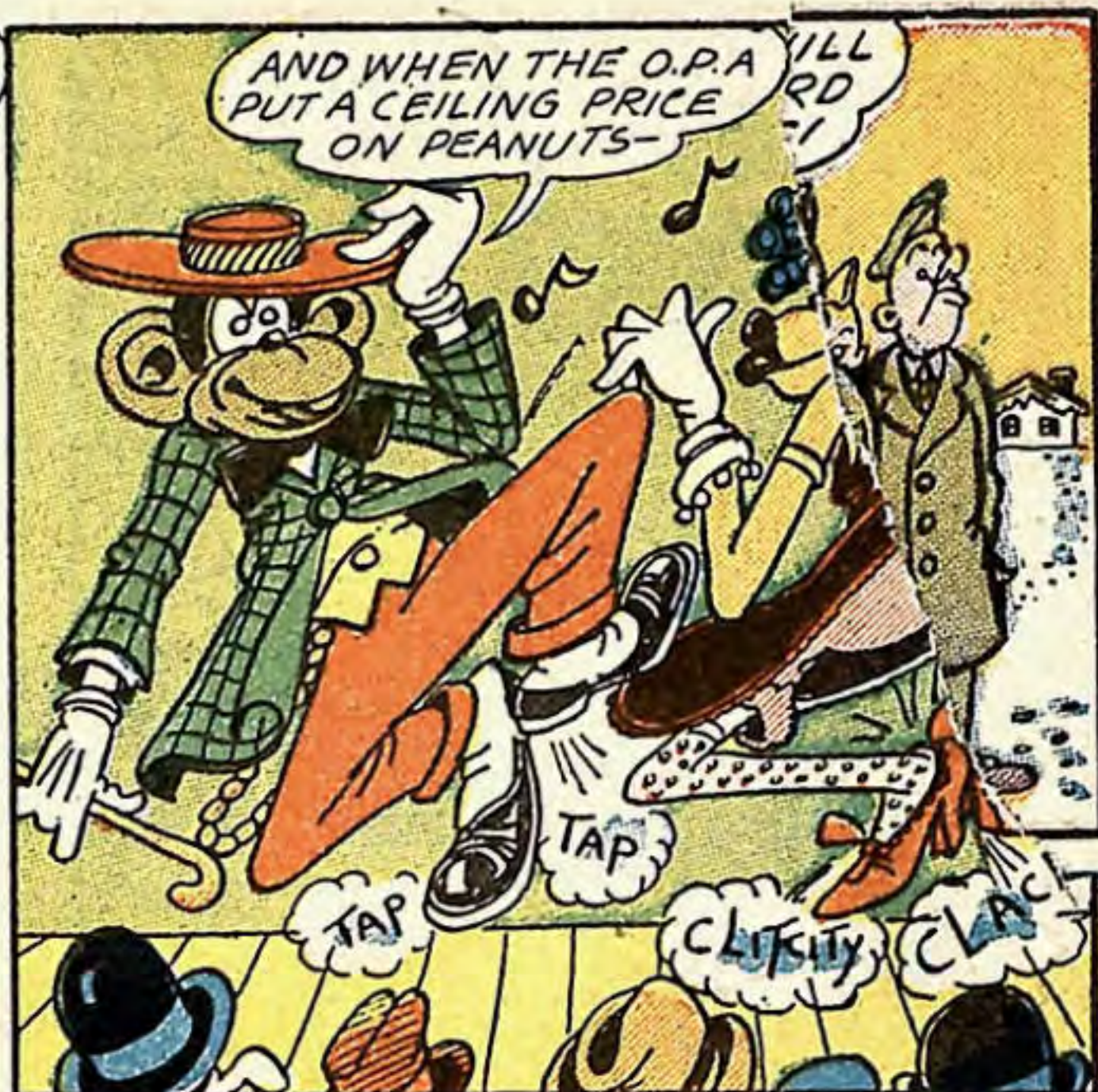
Victor chuckled. "Oh, Sweet William found his way home after he finished with Jerry Mills!"

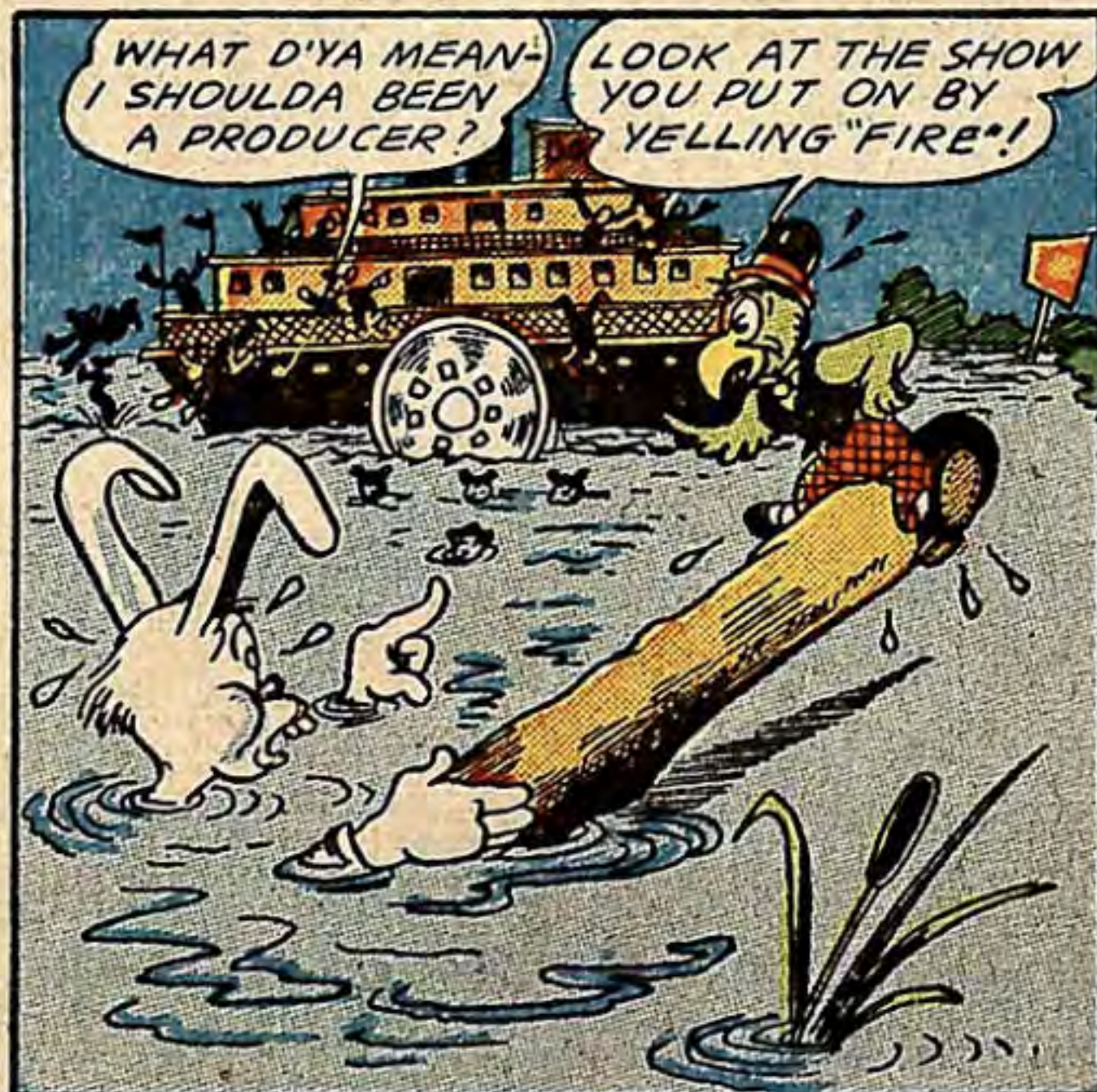
JUNGLETOWN SHOW BOAT

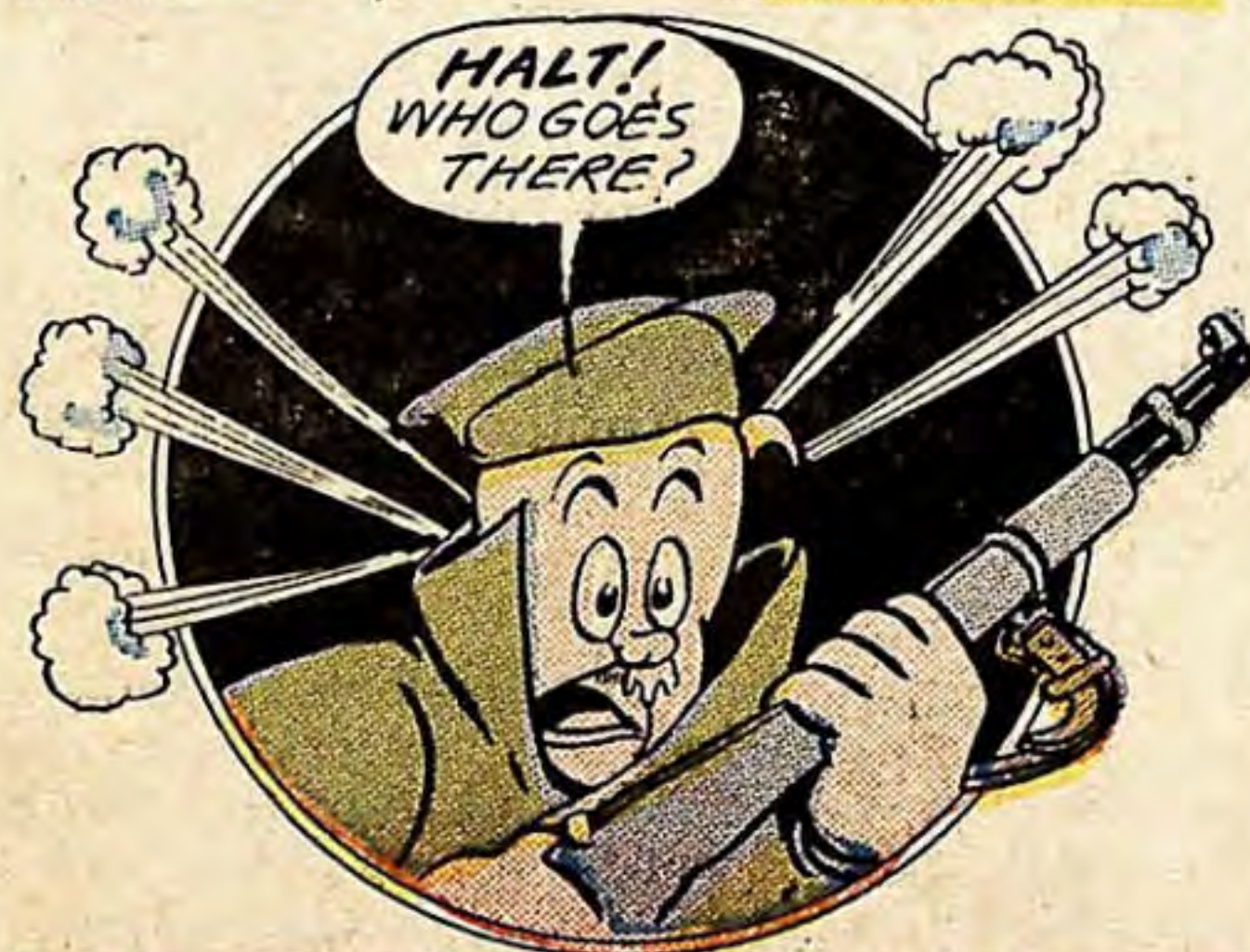
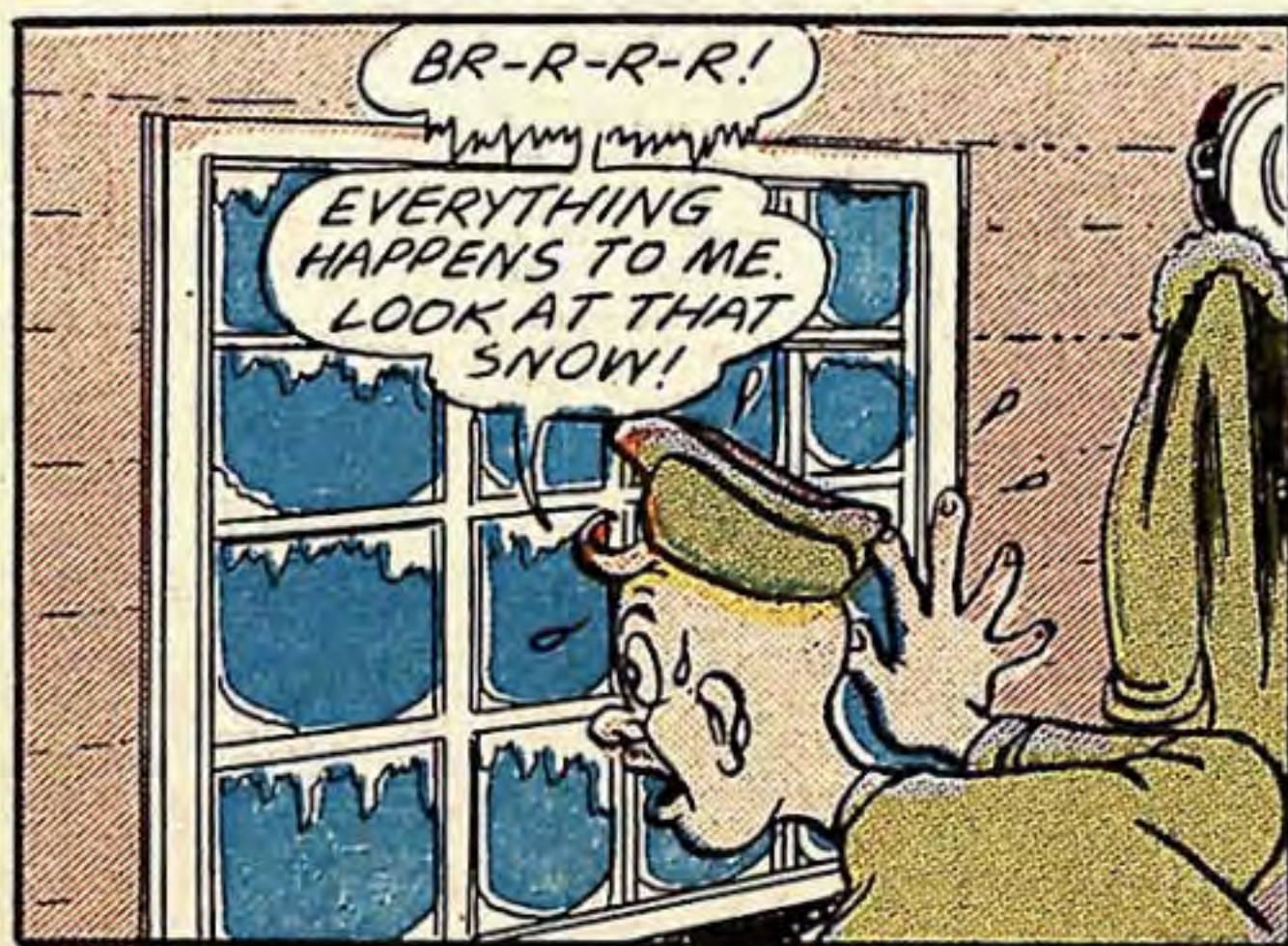
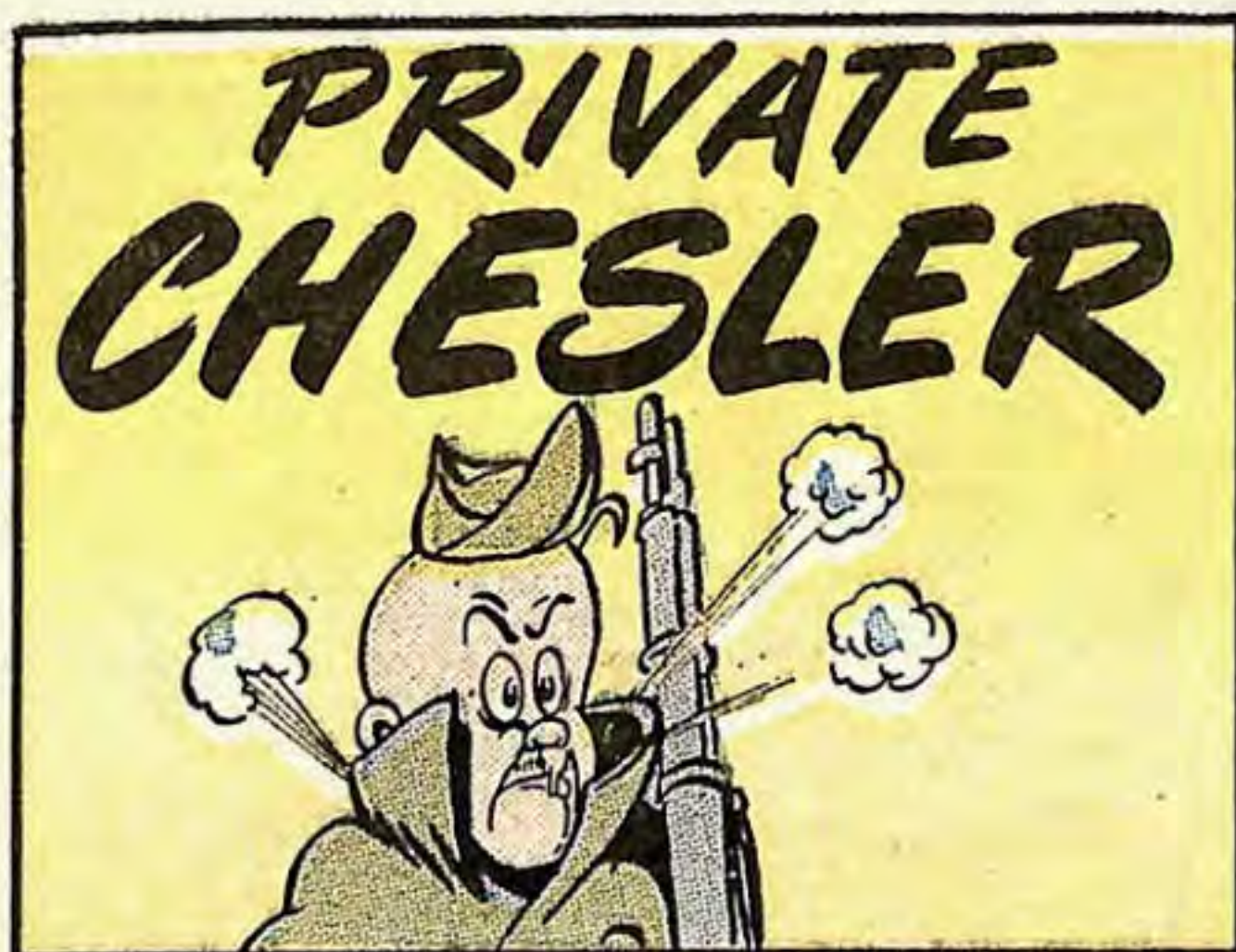












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Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3453, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3453, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Sell one order.

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